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THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued).

Lord Clanricarde observed that the opposition of their lordships to the measure amounted to this—that if it were passed, they might be unable wrongly to imprison six or seven gentlemen then in Dublin. Without so much as a division, the motion was negatived; and, on the 30th of the same month of May, O'Connell and his friends were carried to prison.

It was easy to expose and denounce all these proceedings, and they were triumphantly denounced in prose and verse. But the more thoroughly they were exposed and dwelt upon, and the more ostentatious and audacious they were, just the more stinging and deadly was the insult to our people. It was a kind and amount of outrage which, if any people endure without battle, virtue has gone out of them. Under that insult I do not pretend to deny that our national honor still lies a-bleeding.

But in Dublin there was the show of high rejoicing, and the prisoners were escorted from the penitentiary, through the city, by a vast and orderly procession, to O'Connell's house in Merrion Square. In deep and ordered ranks the "Trades" of Dublin marched, preceded by bands, and innumerable banners fanned the air, and splendid carriages, with four horses and with six, conveyed committees, attorneys for the traversers, aldermen, and notabilities. The procession marched through College Green, and just as O'Connell's carriage came in front of the Irish parliament house (the most superb building in Dublin), the carriage stopped—the whole procession stopped—and there was a deep silence as O'Connell rose to his full height, and, pointing with his finger to the portico, turned slowly around and gazed into the faces of the people, without a word. Again and again he stretched forth his arm and pointed, and a succession of pealing cheers rent the air and "shook the banners like a storm," until, say the reporters, "Echo herself was hoarse."

All the country, friends and enemies, Ireland and England, were now looking eagerly and earnestly for O'Connell's first movement as an indication of his future course. Never, at any moment in his life, did he hold the people so wholly in his hand. During his imprisonment, both clergy and Repeal wardens had labored diligently in extending and confirming the organization, and the poor people proved their faith and trust by sending greater and greater contributions to the Repeal treasury. They kept the "peace," as their liberator bade them, and the land was never so free from crime—lest they should "give strength to the enemy."

I am proud of my people, and have always regarded with profound admiration the steady faith, patient zeal, self-sacrificial, and disciplined enthusiasm they displayed for these two years. To many thousands of those peasants the struggle had been more severe than any war, for they were expected to set at naught potent landlords who had over them and their children power of life and death—with troops and insolent bailiffs, and ejecting attorneys, and the omnipresent police; and they did set them at naught. Every vote they gave at an election might cost them house and home, land and life. They were naturally ardent, impulsive, and impatient, but their attitude was calm and steadfast. They were an essentially military people, but the great "Liberator" told them that "no political amelioration was worth one drop of human blood." They did not believe the formula, and, in assenting to it, often winked with their eyes; yet steadily and trustfully, this once good time, they sought to liberate their country peacefully, legally, under the advice of counsel. They loyally obeyed that man, and would obey no other. And when he walked in triumph out of his prison, at one word from his mouth they would have marched upon Dublin from all the five ends of Ireland, and made short work with police and military barracks.

But what shall I say of him? He knew that millions of his countrymen were hanging upon his lips and secretly praying that he would bring this long agony to the arbitrament of manhood, and his soul sank within him. For years he had been promising them freedom, or his head upon the block; he had taken the starving peasant's mite, and "the priceless trust of youth;" and, now, let me not say he betrayed, but he disappointed that trust. Let there be such excuses for him as the nature of the case admits. He was old; the disease of which he died (softening of the brain) had already begun to work upon his energies; the thought of bloodshed was horrible to him, for he was haunted by the ghost of D'Esterre, whom he had slain in the pride of life. Yet, after all, what a poor comfort, what a poor excuse is all this!

Almost the first thing he proposed after his release, in a secret conclave of the Repeal association, was the dissolution of the association in order to construct another body on a little more legal and safe basis. He knew that the association now contained thousands who eagerly demanded some decisive step in advance, and though he constantly flattered Smith O'Brien in public, yet he already feared that man's well-known inflexibility of character, and knew that he had not thrown himself into the cause without stern purpose. The proposal to disband was combated, and was given up. He occupied his weekly speeches with collateral issues upon parliamentary questions which were often arising—the "Bequests Act," the "Colleges Bill," the Papal Rescript negotiation, and the like—all matters which would have been of moment in any self-governing nation, but were of next to no account in the circumstances; or he poured forth his fiery floods of eloquence in denunciation, not of the British government but of American Slavery, with which he had nothing on earth to do.

Very shortly after his release he went so far as to declare in a published letter (Oct 3) that he preferred Federalism to Repeal—that is, a local parliament for local purposes; but here again he was met. Duffy published a letter, very respectfully but firmly declaring that the cause we were all enlisted in was the national independence of Ireland. From other quarters also came symptoms of discontent, and at the next meeting of the association he exclaimed: "Federalism! I would not give *that* for Federalism," and he snapped his fingers. And still his ecclesiastics for "peace, law and order," became more nervously anxious, day by day; and he often declared that his "Head Pacificator" was now the most important person in the association.

He said no more of his plan for a Council of Three Hundred, or adjourned it to a distant contingency. He praised too much, as many thought, the sublime integrity and justice of the three Whig law lords who had voted for reversing the judgment against him. But the most significant change in his behavior was in the querulous captiousness he showed towards the *Nation* and those connected with it. He had much to say in deprecation of rash young men, and hinted that the youngsters in question were no better than infidels.

All these symptoms of retreating from his position, these good words to British Whiggery, and censure on "rash young men," appearing from week to week, fell upon the highly wrought excitement of the people with the effect of a repeated shower-bath, and the patient perceptibly cooled.

The association all this time was becoming more powerful for good than ever. O'Brien had instituted a "Parliamentary Committee," and worked on it continually himself, which, at all events, furnished the nation with careful and authentic memoirs on all Irish questions and interests, filled with accurate statistical details. Many Protestant gentlemen, also, of high rank, joined the association in '44 and '45 being evidently unconscious how certainly and speedily that body was going to destruction. The meetings were constant and crowded, and to a casual observer the agitation was as formidable and active as ever. "Our position," said the *Nation*, "is as good as the Duke's at Torres Vedras" Perhaps; but then the enemy was inside our position, not outside, which makes a great difference. In short, the British government set its back to the wall, loaded and primed, and let the Repealers talk.

The history of Ireland must now be sought elsewhere than in the Repeal association, and I have next to mention the movements on the other side. The situation was uneasy, was intolerable, and had to be brought to an end somehow or other.

The fall of the year 1845 brought the first shadow of "Famine." But, before coming to that time, some preliminary information will be useful.

After the liberation of O'Connell there was apparently greater zeal and diligence than ever in working the cause of Repeal; but the English, being now quite sure there would be no fighting, at least while O'Connell lived, paid it much less regard. There was no more terror of the monster, which, indeed, had proved itself a harmless monster, and boasted that it was toothless and fangless. They could even afford to daily with it in a playful manner, or to reprove it gently and good-humoredly. The *Times*, for example, which was then account ed the most influential organ of British opinion, published some articles, immediately after the liberation, advocating some sort of *federal* Union. Said the *Times:*

"The idea of a congress has occurred to other minds before this as a solution of many existing difficulties. We are becoming less of a nation and more of an empire. The conduct of an empire and the government of one's own people seem quite different and incongruous operations. The very ethical qualities necessary, perhaps, for keeping a barbaric continent in subjection don't do at home. One is shocked to see either Irish peasants or English laborers ruled with the same rod of iron as Mahrattas or Belochees—with the same suspicious discipline as a mutinous man-of-war crew, or a black regiment at the Cape. There is, too, something absolutely ridiculous in the present mixture of parliamentary subjects. An hour's talk on the balance of power between the continental empires is followed by three days' animated discussion on a personal squabble."

Did this indicate that the English mind was becoming reconciled to the thought of a distinct legislature for Ireland? Not at all; every real movement was the other way, tending to consolidation and centralization—not of the legislature only, but of the very law courts, and stamp office, and other public departments. It indicated only that the *Times* thought it might be politic to throw out this federal idea as an apple of discord among Repealers, and it had some effect. Again, said the *Times*, remarking on the high rank of some of those Irishmen, who were now (not in masses, but in units) joining Repeal:

"No, the movement is not essentially a democratic one. It is no more democratic than the American Revolution was in its outset. That was a revolution of which the most earnest leaders and the most respectable were, in the first instance, men of birth and family, representatives of some of the oldest families in the colony. The course of events changed with time, and swept the Virginian gentlemen into the same gulf of equality as the grocer of Boston, or the drab-colored draper of Pennsylvania. But the principles from which that revolution sprung were the same as those which are now operating in Ireland—impatience of control, private ambition, and, we must add, a poetical patriotism, which is charmed by the sound and enchanted by the vision of 'The Kingdom and Parliament of Ireland.'"

It is evident, then, that there was no more shrieking and howling in England over the phenomenon. For, in fact, all this time the steady policy of England towards her "sister island" was proceeding on the even tenor of its way quite undisturbed. Four millions sterling of the rental of Ireland was, as usual, carried over every year to be spent in England, and the few remaining manufactures which our island has struggled to retain, were growing gradually less and less. The very "frieze" (rough, home-made woollen cloth) was driven out of the market by a far cheaper and far worse Yorkshire imitation of it. Some Repeal artist had devised a "Repeal button," displaying the ancient Irish crown. The very Repeal button was mimicked in Birmingham, and hogsheads of Irish crowns were poured into the market, to the utter ruin of the Dublin manufacturer. True, they were of the basest of metal and handiwork, but they lasted as "the Repeal" lasted.

All great public expenditures were still confined to England; and, in the year 1844 there was, quite as usual, Irish produce to the value of about fifteen millions sterling exported to England. We cried out that our trade was ruined, and our fine harbors empty; the "Cyclops" and "Rhadamanthus" war-steamers came to us with 25,000 stands of arms for distribution among the garrisons. We complained that nothing was done in their parliament for Ireland; straightway we got an Arms Bill. We represented that our factories had stopped work and our citizens were starving; without delay the government powder mill near Cork was set to work. While Irishmen were talking and passing resolutions the parliament and government were steadily confirming, extending, strengthening their grip upon all things Irish. We all lived, at all times, in the full sight and power of the enemy, and lay down to rest under the shadow of his wings. If it was desirable to know the movements of any suspected person, detectives dogged his footsteps in ever changing disguises; if he was supposed to be in communication with others the letters of both correspondents were carefully opened and copied in the postoffice. Much care had been used during the past year in strengthening police-stations, to resist any sudden attack of peasantry, in fortifying barracks, and disposing garrisons still more and more cunningly, so as to be in full military occupation of every strategic point and road in the island. The Arms Act, too, was administered with much care at petty sessions, and it was made certain that any Repealer who had a gun in his house should be at least well known to the police.

I recapitulate all this that readers may bear in mind throughout the remainder of the story what a powerful and cunning tyranny it was which pressed upon that people at every point, and by means of which British ministers believed they might safely pledge themselves to maintain the Union at all hazards, "under the blessing of Divine Providence." It was the British government, not we, who held the position of "Torres Vedras."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

BABYLON.

BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

Her robes are purple and scarlet,
And the Kings have bent their knees
To the gemmed and jeweled harlot
Who sitteth on many seas.

They have drank the abominations
Of her golden cup of shame;
She has drugged and debauched the nations
With the mystery of her name.

Her merchants have gathered riches
By the power of her wantonness,
And her usurers are as leeches
On the world's supreme distress.

She has scoured the seas as a spoiler;
Her mart is a robber's den,
With the wrested toil of the toiler,
And the mortgaged souls of men.

Her crimson flag is flying,
Where the East and West are one;
Her drums while the day is dying
Salute the rising sun.

She has scourged the weak and the lowly
And the just with an iron rod;
She is drunk with the blood of the holy—
She shall drink of the wrath of God!

[The foregoing poem has been strongly applauded for its rhetorical vigor by the London *Spectator* of June 20 "If the author," it says, "can maintain the literary standard he here attains, no Englishman will grudge him the right to call England all the names he pleases."]

All Aboard!

Make haste. Your baggage is all right, but have you got a supply of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters? No! Then you have made a sad omission, and if you are troubled with stomachic qualms *en route*—if you are sea sick, my dear sir, or madam, you will have deserved your fate. How dreadfully the waves or the jarring of the engine or screw shakes you up! Now there is a mute but awful call to the ship's side. Now, if you had the Bitters along with you this wouldn't happen. Travelers and tourists, take our advice, and before you start on your yachting or ocean voyage, your coast-wise trip or inland outing, obtain the Bitters, and thus fortify yourselves against stomachic difficulties, malaria, dyspepsia and the effects of exposure in rough weather or bad diet or water. Take it, too, for biliousness, kidney trouble and rheumatism

Good Farm Land For Sale,

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des-Moines, on the C, R I. & P. R R., and has a population of about 3 000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round house and machine shops, employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

S. MONAHAN, Stuart, Ia.

Two Harvest Excursions.

HALF RATES TO THE WEST.

Aug. 30 and Sept. 27. On these dates the BURLINGTON ROUTE will sell tickets from Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis to the farming districts of Nebraska, Colorado and Northern Kansas. Half rates will apply, and tickets will be good for twenty days. Nebraska in one year produced three hundred million bushels of corn, besides other grain, fruit and live stock. Write for free pamphlets, maps, etc., to P. S. EUSTIS, G. P. A., Burlington Route, Chicago, Ill.

FEMALE "INFLOOENCE."

Eleanor Kirk Has Something to Say About it in Connection With the Approaching Presidential Election.

How Wrinkles, Etc., May be Smoothed Out of the Damaged Human Countenance.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 19.—Yes, there is such a thing as "The Frances Cleveland Influence Society" composed of women who intend to devote their time, tact and strength to the work of electing Grover Cleveland President of the United States. Many radical women who believe that the ballot should long ago have been granted to our sex, criticise this movement very sharply. They see in it a disposition to grovel at the feet of those who have kicked them one side in their march toward the respective goals of their respective ambitions. "What will Grover Cleveland ever do for the women if they do help to elect him?" they ask. Probably nothing. Provided he saw the justice of their claim to be made citizens, he would not dare tell it to himself even in a whisper, for fear somebody might hear and disapprove, for disapproval means loss of influence, and when that commences the the road to oblivion is a short one. It is amusing to have these various correspondents ask for my opinion. I can truly go so far as to say that I have always admired and believed in Frances Cleveland, and barring the pestilential atmosphere of the White House, physical and moral, she has my consent to be again the "First Lady in the Land," but I am sorry for her all the same or any other womanly woman whom a hard fate sends to Washington in such a capacity. When it comes to a question of party it is my opinion that one is just as bad as the other, and as the President is simply a Figure-Head it makes very little difference whether he is a Democrat or a Republican. In either case all the interstices and intersections of the government will be filled in with wires pulled in obedience to the Machine.

"But suppose women could be legitimately active in politics," another friend inquires, "would their influence for good be felt to any appreciable extent?"

That is too big a question. The only point that I have ever tried to make in this matter is the right of women to the ballot. What will come after that I should never be so bold as to prophesy. Perhaps the deluge. But men are afraid of women as voters, and this is why their rights have been so persistently ignored. Politicians engaged in the liquor traffic are deadly afraid of us. They, and the rum sellers know how our wives and mothers and sisters have suffered from this, the greatest curse in the world, and they know that the heart-aching and down-trodden have a trick of rising when the heel is removed. If not too far gone, they get right up, and they stay up and make a good fight. And that is what they will one day do for temperance. So far my vision is clear.

In the meantime we must all concede to women the right to work as they please. If they are willing to labor as aliens and alleged lunatics, they must be possessed of real courage and enthusiasm, and perhaps they will accomplish great good. It may be as well to accept a slice of bread, and dry at that, if one cannot have the whole loaf. I am ready to hurrah for every movement toward the purification of politics, and to try to purify and fail is a thousand times better than to make no attempt. But I should like to see some of the antique frauds of both parties drummed out of office. I am sick of the sound of their names. They should have been political corpses years ago. They are not wholesome. They are a stench in the nostrils of every decent man and woman in the country.

Every girl whose composition on "Boys, or Brothers," is available for my new paper, *Eleanor Kirk's Idea*, will be sent copies of both of my books for writers, Periodicals that Pay Contributors and Information for Authors. But they must forward with their essays a year's subscription—50 cents—to this paper. There seems to be some misapprehension on this point, though I previously stated the case as clearly as I knew how. I want to help the girls who feel that they can write if they can have a little encouragement. I know what uphill work it is, and I know that in *Eleanor Kirk's Idea* they will not only find help but genuine inspiration. They must not send me over three hundred words, because life is short, and because this number will tell the story of their ability as well as three thousand.

Writers whose MSS have a trick of returning can have one short story examined, criticised and published in *The Idea*, if available, but it must be short. A course of three lessons by mail, will be given to each writer whose work is promising, as well as the two books mentioned above. But each MS must contain a year's subscription to the paper or it will not be examined. There are two subjects for the girls, one "Boys," and the other "Brothers." It is not "Boys or Brothers," as some have written it.

The ignorance that prevails regarding wrinkles is truly startling. Making all due allowance for a natural desire to look well, which is certainly as praiseworthy as it is legitimate, it is nevertheless a strange thing that women who have brains enough to perform the ordinary functions of life can be led to believe that there is any preparation, cosmetic or what not, that will at once eradicate wrinkles that time and trouble have ploughed in the human face. It cannot be done, and I wish I could state here once for all that such a process is impossible. There are methods of facial massage which accomplish results in this direction after awhile. Facial massage is easily learned from the directions in my little ten cent book, "The Way to Health and Beauty." A few minutes two or three times a day can be well spent in this work, for if directions are complied with there is bound to be some success. Facial massage is invaluable to those who have suffered from slight strokes of paralysis affecting the muscles of the face, and patients who have the use of their hands can treat themselves. The instructions in this booklet are simple, hygienic and scientific, and if carried out will keep the human countenance in good order and promote beauty. This treatment does make an impression upon wrinkles, but there is nothing else that ever will.

ELEANOR KIRK,
No. 698 Greene avenue.

[NOTE—THE CITIZEN is disposed to give correspondents full latitude in expressing their opinions, but does not hold itself responsible for them. Mr. Cleveland has declined to allow either his wife's or his child's name to be used for political purposes, and he is right. The President of the United States is anything but "a figure head," as the incumbent, Gen. Harrison, has shown on many occasions. The President has it nearly always in his power to kill vicious legislation by interposing his veto.—ED CITIZEN.]

CABOT LODGE CATTIGATED.

In the *Century Magazine* of September, 1891, as our readers will remember, Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge published a remarkable paper on the "Distribution of Ability in the United States," in which, professing to take Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography as his authority, he misquoted the work and miscounted his misquotations, to an extent almost incredible.

The *Pilot* of October 17, in the same year, took the liberty of correcting some of the most flagrant misstatements in Mr Lodge's article, showing that, even according to his own authority and by his own standard of merit, he had misrepresented facts and figures to an astounding degree, in almost every department of Ability.

Unlike Mr. Lodge, the *Pilot* furnished names and figures to prove its assertions. As we said:

"In the matter of quantity, Appleton's gives to the Irish race a list nearly 100 per cent greater than Mr. Lodge professes to have found in its pages. On the score of quality, taking Mr. Lodge's own test of merit, Appleton's gives about 300 per cent more to the race than Mr. Lodge accords it."

After printing the long roll of names contradicting Mr. Lodge's impudent misrepresentations, we gave the corrected figures, "not according to Mr. Lodge, but according to the authority from which Mr. Lodge professed to have taken his own": First, the summary of the Lodge fables, and then that of Appleton's Cyclopedia, as follows:

	According to Mr. Lodge	According to his Authority
Statesmen	22	67
Soldiers	37	107
Clergy	113	140
Lawyers	18	59
Physicians	4	16
Literature	39	79
Art	19	19
Science	9	9
Educators	7	14
Navy	8	19
Business	11	35
Philanthropy	8	12
Pioneers & Explorers	3	5
Inventors	0	3
Engineers	3	4
Architects	0	2
Musicians	1	2
Actors	7	18
Total	309	599

To this specific arraignment Mr. Lodge tardily replies in the *Century* for the present month, denying that he misrepresented facts, and reiterating his ridiculous definition of the "Scotch Irish" as "Protestant in religion and chiefly Scotch *and English* in blood," but characteristically evading the fact that his own authority distinguishes between "Irish" and "Scotch Irish" clearly in every case, and that the *Pilot* accepted that distinction, for the sake of argument, in proving him guilty of false quotation.

Being driven from the shelter of Appleton's Cyclopedia, Mr Lodge now resorts to another authority, and lo! he misquotes again. He turns to the Encyclopedia Britannica, where, he says:

"I find 317 names of Americans, who are not merely mentioned in lists, but of whom some account is given either under their own names or in connection with some general subject. Of these at least 250 would be placed without dispute among the 300 most distinguished Americans. Of the remaining 67 the right of some to be in the list would be disputed, while that of others would be rejected, by American judges. These last names, however, whether removed or left in, are so divided among races and States as to make no difference in the general result."

We should hardly look to a British publication for the best analysis of American ability, although one such authority has embalmed the name of Mr. Lodge himself as typifying the "bar'l" in American politics; but let us see how Mr. Lodge manages to count heads when he has only the comparatively small number of 317 to enumerate.

In the whole list he professes to find only two names of persons belonging to the Irish race, while he counts 248 English, 16 Scotch, as many "Scotch Irish," 2 Welsh, 15 Huguenot, 3 French, 6 German, 7 Dutch, 1 Swiss and one Spanish. The two Irish are classified as "soldiers."

Mr. Lodge, searching with his most powerful Anglo-Saxon glasses, cannot find a single Irish-American name in the Encyclopedia Britannica's lists of statesmen, authors, physicians, inventors, artists or business men. Yet the Encyclopedia itself mentions three soldiers, Montgomery, Meade and Sheridan; three authors, Henry C Carey, Mayne Reid and R. H Wilde; one physician, Thomas Addis Emmet; two statesmen, Arthur and Jackson; two artists, Copley and Crawford; one inventor, Robert Fulton, in short, twelve names of Irish Americans of distinction, as against Mr. Lodge's enumeration of two!

Of course if we accept Mr. Lodge's definition, that an Irishman of the Protestant religion is not an Irishman, but a Scotchman, more particularly if he be an Englishman by descent, Mr. Lodge's case is proven, even though his own witnesses otherwise contradict him; and equally, of course, a Catholic Irishman becomes a Scotchman, or vice versa, by simply changing his religion.

In his anxiety to make a point against Catholics by extolling the French Huguenots and "Scotch-Irish," Mr. Lodge forgets common sense and, what is worse, forgets common honesty. When he comes to claim especial glory for his own section of the country, he gives away his whole case by saying, "The criticism that *birthplace should not be the test for the classification by communities* seems hardly to require an answer, for a moment's reflection ought to convince any one that no other is practicable," although he hastens to add that, "place of birth is no test of race." Nothing is, apparently, except religion; and the test of that is, whether or not it is Mr. Lodge's own brand of religion. We have not a word to say against the latter, even though in his case, unfortunately, it has not developed an "ability" for counting correctly or quoting honestly.

We commend to the twopenny ethnologist of Nahant the shrewd question propounded by a New Hampshire gentleman at a "Scotch Irish" celebration a few years ago: "If our forefathers went from Scotland to Ireland and lived there 200 years without becoming Irish, and if their descendants have lived here for 200 more years, have we any right to call ourselves Americans?" Irishmen, at least, do not qualify their admiration of national heroes by inquiries into their religion. Protestant Emmet is still the idol of the Irish Catholic; and we doubt if any intelligent Huguenot would give up his share in the glory of Catholic Lafayette. It is only Americans of Mr. Lodge's stripe who draw the lines of race and creed when they think of Grant and Sheridan.—*Boston Pilot, July 9*

Scottish Games and Picnic.

The Scottish Assembly of Chicago will give a brilliant exhibition of the "Gathering of the Clans"—a national pageant—at Burlington Park, on Saturday, July 30. It will be under the auspices of the Scottish Assembly of Chicago, and will comprehend all the enjoyable features of such stirring occasions. All the old national Scottish games and pastimes will be presented, and everything promises a day of hearty enjoyment. Transportation accommodations will be ample. Trains will leave the Union depot at 9:30, 11, 11:10 a.m.; 1:30 and 1.40 p.m. The 1.40 train from Chicago will stop at all suburban stations. Tickets must be exchanged for C. B. & Q. coupon tickets on or before the 25th inst.

The Gaelic Class.

The interest taken in this class continues to increase as manifested by the addition of five new members to our ranks last Sunday. Our roster now shows sixty-seven members, some of whom could already speak Irish though unable to read it. Mr. O'Connell, of North Ashland avenue, is a new student, and he is also an advanced scholar who can read Dr. Hyde's books with fluency and make excellent translations. We have some trained voices in our class who sing in Irish from McHale and Mangan, and whose notes will awaken the echoes at our next "Feis Ceoil" in the famous Auditorium. "An raibh tu aig an g-carraig," will be found to contain more birdlike notes than Patti's great hit, "Coming Thro' the Rye," and will be sung in a voice as clear and melodious.

The class meets in City Clerk Van Cleave's office, City Hall, from 3 to 5 p. m., Sundays.

MAURICE CREAN, Sec'y.

T. Shoe, Tailor,
126 West Madison-st

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Elegant service

At 5:45 p. m., the "Fast Train" leaves Chicago, via the Wisconsin Central Lines for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and the iron towns, composed of through Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers to Chippewa Falls and Eau Claire St. Paul and Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, making close connections at Union Depot, St. Paul with the new train which has just been placed in service via the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Pacific Coast, leaving St. Paul daily at 9 a. m. At 10:45 p. m. the "Pacific Express" leaves Chicago for the Pacific Coast via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific Lines, composed of Pullman Vestibuled Drawing-Room and Tourist Sleepers, running through to Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash., without change. For tickets, time tables, berth reservations, etc., apply to city ticket office, 205 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill., or to James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Field of Fontenoy.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

BOOK II:—CHAPTER VI.

"What's the use, lads, to repine
If our water isn't wine,
When the blood of dear old Ireland's ebbing fast,
And we who love her well—
Better than a saint could tell—
Are by fortune in a foreign country cast?
For better here to be
Than slaves beyond the sea,
While we've horse and sword and musket for the fight;
With the world around us wide,
On we march in strength and pride,
Exile-martyrs for our country and her right."

Early next morning, as the crimson rays of the sunrise were gilding the spires and battlements of the old garrison town on the Somme, and dancing on the glassy bosom of that river, the Regiment de Dillon marched out of the eastern gate of Peronne, en route for the Rhine.

A fine soldierly corps it looked as its long-fred column wound through the quaint streets and away into the fertile country, the regimental banners fluttering in the fresh breeze of the morn, the fixed bayonets of the men and half pikes of the officers glittering in the sunshine, while fife and drum enlivened the air with a gay Irish marching tune—"The White Cockade."

A fine corps, indeed, and well worthy of the proud memories that crowned its banners. Just fifty-three years had elapsed since, about two months previous to the battle of the Boyne, it had landed, "all well-made men" (tous gens bien faits) at Brest, and marched, upwards of sixteen hundred strong, into Savoy, forming part of the "Old Brigade" under Mountcashel. Since then many an eventful campaign it had seen, many a red field of slaughter it had passed over. With the ill fated St. Ruth in the Valley of the Isere, where the Brigade made the Marquis de Sales prisoner; in Catalonia under the Duke de Noailles, overthrowing all the Spanish armies in succession; covering itself with glory in the streets of Cremona and hurling Eugene's Austrians back out of the town; cutting Visconti's four cavalry regiments to pieces at Santa Vittoria; capturing the town of Riva in the Tyrol; winning brilliant laurels at the dreadful battles of Luzzaro and Cassano—at which latter the men of Dillon's fought breast-high in water, swam across the Adda under the fire of an Austrian battery, and bayonetted the gunners at their guns—and afterwards at Calcinato, when Vendome smashed to pieces the army of the Danish Count Reventlau; on the Rhine under Villars; in Spain again under King James' son, the Duke of Berwick, where it particularly distinguished itself at the desperate siege and capture of Barcelona, when the ominous "Death's head" fluttered over the blood stained ramparts of the town; and latterly on the Rhine under the same commanner, at the sieges of Kehl and Philipsburg—the Regiment de Dillon had a long, long record of valiant and faithful service done to the crown of France.

But deep and gory was the trail these soldier exiles left behind them in their campaigning. Ever foremost in the fierce brunt of conflict, their ranks suffered dreadfully in each recurring battle. Numerous were the brave Irish hearts that had ceased to beat beneath those conquering colors; numerous the nameless Celtic graves that sprinkled every battlefield over which these same colors had waved, from the Rhine to the Ebro, from the Isere to the Po.

Yet, strang to relate, the first commander of the regiment—he who had led in most of the fell engagements mentioned—the brave, brilliant, amorous Count Arthur Dillon, had never, in all those desperate battles, sieges, and skirmishes, received the slightest wound.

And now the fierce ringing blast of the war-trumpet called the regiment once more to the field.

In the previous year, when a strong British force had landed at Ostend, the Irish had been posted at Dunkirk, a few miles away, to guard against a possible movement on the latter place, which was a bitter thorn in the side of England, whose government had declared its intention of reducing it to a mere "hamlet for fishermen." Along the French frontier from Dunkirk to Givet a strong army had been disposed in order to resist an invasion; but now it appeared that the chief theatre of war would be the banks of the Rhine—and hence the march of the Irish regiment.

The corps presented a gay and picturesque spectacle as it marched along on the road to Guise. Now and then a gazing group of peasantry raised their hats and cheered as the long scarlet column passed with steady tramp through the street of their quaint hamlet, while from more than one red steeple overlooking their way the bells clanged forth a merry peal of salutation.

Fergus O'Ronan, marching along with his spontoon, or half-pike—a species of halbert borne by the commissioned officers and the sergeants—felt a certain thrill of pride shooting through his veins as he glanced back occasionally at the array of martial forms behind him, at the array of faces, some bronzed with the suns of France and Germany, some fresh from the moist breezy skies of Erin, but all, or nearly all, with a peculiar free, rollicking, distinctly Irish expression, that could not fail to strike all who beheld it.

Our sergeant was marching near the head of the colonel's company, and ever and anon, as he looked backward, the captain in command of that company, a stalwart officer of bronzed visage, marked his exultant air with a quiet smile of amusement. At length he addressed him:

"Eager for the fray, sergeant—that's right; I like to see enthusiasm in a young soldier, to see him march with ardent, impulsive heart to meet the foe, his bosom proudly beating for military glory."

"You flatter me, Captain Fitzgerald," rejoined Fergus, the flush on his cheeks growing deeper at his superior's humorous badinage.

"Not at all, my friend. For the past ten minutes I have been watching your martial soul showing itself in your sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks. Well, your feeling is but natural; one's first courtship and one's first campaign are things to be remembered. Come, I warrant me you have high hopes; your ambition is at least fixed upon the epaulets of a lieutenant?"

"Surely, that would not be strange, captain?"

"Not at all. There will, I fear, be many promotions to be made, many gaps to be filled, in the regiment, before the campaign is over. I grieve to think how many of those brave hearts now beating in unison with ours, longing to cross bayonets with the vaunted troops of George the Elector, shall soon be cold and still beneath the turf of the battlefield."

The captain's voice became very grave as he cast a rather pensive glance backward at the marching column.

"Do you know, sergeant, how many of our countrymen have given their lives for France since Mountcashel's Brigade landed at Brest?"

O'Ronan expressed his ignorance on the point.

"I shall tell you, then. By the records of the French war office, the sum total, in round numbers, is *four hundred and fifty thousand!*"

The words caused a gloom in the breast of our hero. What a cataract of warm, generous Irish blood to be poured in the service of a foreign monarch! What a grim hecatomb of slaughter to be erected for the support of the throne of the Capets at the expense of the Irish nation!

Noticing the sombre effect produced by his words, Fitzgerald gave the conversation another turn.

"How long is this, sergeant, since you became a Wild Goose?"

"Six years and a half, captain."

"I recollect the evening you arrived with a batch of other recruits at the depot. I myself have been about fifteen years in the regiment—fought under Berwick at Kehl and Philipsburg, and also saw service at Etlingen and Clausel—and yet scarce four months have passed since, as you yourself know, I obtained my commission as captain. Helas! promotion is wretchedly slow in time of peace; then welcome be the blast of war! Courage, sergeant! courage and hope, my warrior! for we shall soon be breast to breast with the enemies of France—and of ourselves. Ha! there appear the roofs and spires of Beauvoir, and there goes that grand old quickstep of ours again. Allons donc, camarade! Vive la France et l'Irlande!"

And as the shrill fifes and brattling drums once more struck up "The White Cockade," the captain gaily hummed the amorous Irish words composed to the ancient air by Maurice McGerald in the early part of the previous century:

"O maiden, maiden, so blithe and fair!
I pine with love for your beauty rare—
Love bright and glowing as the summer's dawn,
For your dark-brown hair and your *Cnotadh Ban.*"

For the spirited air, it may be remarked, was in existence in Ireland long before the days of Jacobitism, its name, pronounced "Knotta Bawn" (white knot or rosette), originally signifying the dainty knot of white ribbon with which it was the custom of Irish girls to adorn their hair at weddings and other festivities. The name, suggestive of the white rosette worn by the Jacobites to symbolize the White Rose of York, occasioned the air becoming a great favorite of the adherents of King James, particularly of the Irish Brigade, whose hats were each and all decorated with the famed Stuart emblem, the White Cockade.

Every pulse quickened, every step grew more elastic, as the lively, familiar strains rose once more on the air, and presently the regiment marched through Beauvoir amid the cheers of its inhabitants.

It is unnecessary to trace the route of the regiment in its lengthy and wearisome march through Champagne and Luxemburg, across the Meuse and the Moselle. Late in May, after wending a toilsome march through the rocks and forests of the Hochwald, it reached the strong fortress of Kaiserslautern.

It was now on one of its old battlegrounds, for this same fortress had been captured, exactly thirty years before, by Count Arthur Dillon, who had sent Prince Eugene's garrison, who occupied it, as prisoners of war into France.

A few days later they saw the noble Rhine winding between its romantic vine-clad banks, and marched into the historic town of Spires—and historic indeed it was in the eyes of the Brigade. All the veterans of the regiment were familiar with the place, having been here for some time during the brief, sharp war of the Polish succession; for Philipsburg, where the head of their commander, Marshal Berwick, had been swept from his shoulders by a cannon ball, was not very far up the river.

On the day after their arrival here Fergus had a pleasant stroll along the banks of the Spireback—which stream here flows into the Rhine—with a brother sergeant almost his double in years, a regular seanachie, a warlike volume of Brigade lore.

"Look over yonder, avic, where you see the tower sticking up above the bushes and the vineyards. That is the old tower of Dudenhoven, and a queer tale it could tell more betoken. Big was the *rookawn* that it saw in the days of the Old Brigade, the autumn before Barsfield fell at Landen. This river below us separated the armies of France and Germany, and the Germans sent four battalions of Swedes to garrison that town and to cut up the French wing that held the ruins of the town—and at that time, agra, the Swedes were counted among the best troops in Europe. But an Irish battalion prevented them from crossing the bridge there above, and a few more of our battalions came up from Brisach just in time to settle the question. There was a power of shooting during the night, but next morning the Irish flags waved over the battered old *caislean*, and Swedes and Germans were flying for their lives.

"You see this field to our right. Just forty years ago it was so strewn with dead and dying, so reddened with slaughter, that one could scarcely see a blade of green grass in it. For the Imperial Cuirassiers there cut the flower of the French cavalry to pieces, capturing their fine standards and kettle-drums, and carrying all before them until Marshal Tallard was in despair, and going to command a retreat. But somehow, in the nick of time, two squadrons of Sheldon's cavalry—now Fitzjames'—galloped to the rescue—only two squadrons, alanna, not over a hundred and eighty bold Irish troopers in all—and they struck the Cuirassiers like a big sledge-hammer, scattered and routed two whole regiments of them, gave the French time to rally, so that in the long run Tallard gained the victory.

"Och, m'anam go'n Dhia, ma bouchal, sure when I look about me and think of these things I feel my heart swelling up and filling the whole of my bosom! Well, honored be the memory of our noble dead, and may their souls rest in heaven!"

The speaker raised his three-cornered hat with solemn reverence, and Fergus imitated his example.

"Amen—may we never disgrace their glorious memory!"

"Neither shall we, avic!"—and the veteran's sword clashed in its scabbard as his hard hand descended with vehement force upon the hilt—"neither shall we. Their memory is our most precious heritage, poor, wandering exiles that we are, far from our downtrodden land, from our blighted hearths and prostrated altars; their memory is our proudest heritage, I say, and on the day we'd sully it, on that dark day should we forfeit the honored name of Irishmen."

These reminiscences of the prowess of the Brigade, combined with the chivalrous ardor of the veteran, made a deep impression upon Fergus. He found himself looking forward with increased yearning to the approaching contest, picturing in his mind the exciting crash and tumult of battle, and wondering whether his soldier compatriots would distinguish themselves as gloriously as their heroic predecessors under the White Cockade.

Next day, with colors uncased and flying, the fleurs-de-lis on the white ensign of King Louis gleaming like golden bees in the sunshine, they marched across the Rhine, and their fifes and drums rang merrily amid the stately forests of Bavaria.

The tokens of the approaching struggle were now apparent at almost every perch of their route. The roads were sadly cut up by the wheels of heavy artillery, and now and then a field battery passed by them, the vivacious gunners, matrosses, and drivers taking their pipes from their mouths to exchange a fraternal cheer with them as they passed. Now they marched in company with the Regiment of Cetinat, and beheld the colors that had been blessed by the celebrated preacher, Massillon; now with that of Navarre, in its picturesque uniform of red, white, and blue; and now with the white clad household troops of King Louis.

At length, after traversing the wild and romantic Odenwald, they arrived on the borders of Franconia—the famed German territory first converted to Christianity by the Irish apostle, St. Killian, whose memory is alike preserved in stately Wurzburg and at the Mullagh in his own native Brefiay—and here, in a small mountain village shaded by giant pine forests, they beheld as they approached the familiar gleam of red uniforms. Here they found Lally's company of their own corps—which Fergus at once rejoined—together with the other four foot regiments of the Brigade—those of Clare, Bulkley, Roth, and Berwick; and a great Irish cheer rang along the wild mountain side and aroused the sleeping echoes, as Dillon's marched up and piled their arms on the little plateau occupied by the hamlet.

The five Irish regiments thus met together were brigaded under the command of the gallant Charles O'Brien, Lord Clare. Their camp fires twinkled that night among the dark crags and forests of the Spessart Wald, and next day (June 26) on the arrival of a dispatch from Marshal Noailles, they marched down, crossed the Maine, and occupied the village of Aschaffenberg, in the immediate neighborhood of the allied army, which was under the personal command of King George of England.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Many of those who have visited the very beautiful chapel of Our Lady of Lourdes attached to the Novitiate House of the Oblate Fathers, Stillorgan, could not but have observed the handsome marble tablets which occupy the spaces between the Stations of the Cross, and which are now filled with the names of benefactors, several of them being from all parts of the world, even distant Buenos Ayres.

GAELIC POETRY.

Slan, Slan go deo.

Shios air an g-cladach tá an long ann dhá lionadh,
A's caithfidh sinn sgaradh fá dheireadh, a stóir!
Tá'n adhare mór dá séideadh, 's na seolta dá sgaoileadh,
A's béidh mé gan mhoill air an bh-fairrge mhóir.
Dá m-béidinn-se 'nois sgaoilte do sgapfainn mo námhaid;
Acht sgaoileadh no sgapadh ní féidir, faraor!
A's is fada go m-béidh mé air cuan na mara
Ag fágbáil mo charad, mo chró, a's mo thír'.
Slán, slán go deo libh, a chnuic glasa Eireann,
Slán le mo mhuntir, as slán le mo chró;
Slán leis na coillibh, 's le ceol deas na n-eunach,
Slán, slan, mo thír féin, slán leat go deo!

A mháthair, a stóir, tá mo chroidhe buadhartha bróasach,
Nach truagh do mhac bocht, d'oidhche 's do ló;
Gan cara, gan cumann, gan cabhair, gan cúmhdach,
Gan aon duine amháin do mo mhuintir 'nios mó!
Acht biodh aig mo námhaid, ní feairrde dhóibh aon nidh,
Béidh buaidhreadh a's bród ann go deireadh an t-saoghail,
Slán libh go h-iomlán a's slán libh a chroidhche,
Slán, slán go bráth libh, mo thír a's mo ghaoil!

S. P. C.

—*Dublin Gaelic Journal.*

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞ Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

Columbus' Personal Appearance.

Columbus was of powerful frame and large build; of majestic bearing and dignified in gesture; on the whole well formed; of middle height, inclining to tallness; his arms sinewy and bronzed like wave-beaten oars; his nerves high strung and sensitive, quickly responsive to all emotions; his neck large and his shoulders broad; his face rather long and his nose acquiline; his complexion fair even inclining to redness, and somewhat disfigured by freckles; his gaze piercing and his eyes clear; his brow high and calm, furrowed with the deep workings of thought. In the life written by his son Ferdinand we are told that Columbus not only sketched most marvelously, but was so skillful a penman that he was able to earn a living by engrossing and copying. In his private notes he said that every good map-draftsman ought to be a good painter as well, and he himself was such in his maps and globes and charts, over which are scattered all sorts of cleverly drawn figures. He never penned a letter or began a chapter without setting at its head this devout invocation: "*Jesus cum Maria sit nobis in via.*" Besides his practical studies he devoted himself to astronomical and geometrical researches. Thus he was enabled to teach mathematics, with which, as with all the advanced knowledge of his time, he was conversant, and he could recite the prayers and services of the church like any priest before the altar. He was, as I have already said, a mystic and a merchant, a visionary and an algebraist. If at times he veiled his knowledge in cabalistic formulas, and allowed his vast powers to degenerate into puerile irritation, it was because his own age knew him not, and had dealt hardly with him for many years—from his youth until he reached the threshold of age—without taking into account the reverses which darkened and embittered his later years. Who could have predicted to him, in the midst of the blindness that surrounded him, that there in Spain, and in that century of unfading achievement, the name of Columbus was to attain to fame and unspeakable renown? These are those who hold that this was the work of chance, and that the discovery of America was virtually accomplished when the Portuguese doubled the Cape of Good Hope. But I believe not in these posthumous alterations of history through mere caprice, nor in those after-rumors of the discoverers who died in obscurity.—*Emilio Castelar in The Century.*

The Very Rev. F. A. Doyle, O.S.A., has just returned to Drogheda and resumed the duties of his sacred office, after spending a much required vacation in his native county of Wexford. It will be a source of sincere gratification to the many friends of Father Doyle to know that he is completely restored to his usual robust health.

The annual entertainment attending the distribution of prizes was held at the Loretto Convent, St. John's, Fermoy, on Sunday week. A special feature in the day's proceedings was the presentation of an illuminated address to the Right Rev. D. McCarthy, bishop of Cloyne, to which his lordship replied in suitable terms.



No body advertises that his blood medicine doesn't amount to much. They're all of them "the best." But there's only *one* of them that's good enough to *guarantee* — and that is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. With *that*, if it fails to benefit or cure, in any case, you have your money back.

It's a medicine that *cures*, in all diseases caused by a torpid liver or impure blood. It's not like the sarsaparillas, which claim to do good in March, April, and May. All the year round, with equal benefit, it cleanses, invigorates, and builds up the entire system. If you're bilious, "run-down," or dyspeptic, or suffering from any blood-taint or disorder, that's the medicine you need. For the worst forms of Scrofula, and in the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases, such as Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, and all kindred ailments, nothing can equal it as a perfect and permanent remedy. The *genuine* sold for $1.00. Beware of spurious *imitations or dilutions*, offered at less prices.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

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"THE CITIZEN" FOR 1892

Handsome and Valuable Premiums Offered to Organizers of Clubs and to Regular Subscribers.

No Irish-American Family Should Be Without a Copy of "The Citizen," The Champion of American Honor, and of Irish Liberty.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS: On Saturday, Jan. 16, 1892, THE CITIZEN entered upon the eleventh year of its existence. During the ten years that have elapsed since its first number was issued, it has never wavered in loyalty to true American principles, and to the cause of Irish liberty and independence. It may truly claim that, through sunshine and storm, it has fought the good fight and kept the faith; and it purposes to continue in that path, with colors nailed to the mast. Its record, both in the American and Irish sense, speaks for itself, and it confidently asks the same liberal support from its friends which it has experienced in the past.

Following are the splendid premiums offered to organizers of clubs and regular subscribers for the year 1892:

TO ORGANIZERS OF CLUBS.

1. To any gentleman, whether a subscriber or not, who organizes a club of 100 absolutely new subscribers, at the usual club rates of $2 each, the amount to be paid into this office, with the names of members, a magnificent gold watch, Elgin make, 14 carat fine, size 16 or 18, as may be desired, and warranted of first-class workmanship.

2. To any lady, whether a subscriber or not, who organizes a club of 50 absolutely new subscribers, at the usual club rates, $2 each paid into this office, an exquisite gold watch, Elgin make, 14 carat fine and warranted of first class workmanship.

3. To any gentleman who organizes a club of 25 absolutely new subscribers, at $2 each, paid into this office, a very handsome silver watch, Elgin make, size 18, and warranted first-class in every particular.

4. To any lady who organizes a club of 20 absolutely new subscribers at the above rates, a beautiful silver chatelaine watch, with chain; also warranted first class in every particular.

In making the foregoing offers, it must be distinctly understood that the terms must be complied with in every particular.

The premiums will be sent Free of Charge, by express or registered mail, in the city or country.

PREMIUMS FOR SUBSCRIBERS.

1. To every paid up subscriber, who also pays a year in advance; and who sends in two additional cash subscriptions, a copy of Rand, McNally & Co.'s celebrated colored reversible map of the United States and of the World, worth $5, mounted ready for use, and delivered free in the city or country. Around the margin of this map is printed statistical and descriptive matter of more value than can be found in any volume that was ever published at three times the cost.

2. To every paid up subscriber, who also pays one year's subscription in advance, a handsome volume in cloth binding of the "Oxford" Library of Standard Works; or else a striking and artistic copy, in colors, of Meissonier's famous painting "Retreat from Moscow," containing excellent figures of the Great Napoleon, Marshal Ney, Marshal Berthier, Gen. Rapp and other military celebrities; or an equally meritorious copy of the world renowned biblical painting, "Christ Before Pilate"; or a spirited, artistically colored, representation, after Meissonier's painting of the charge of the French cavalry at the Battle of Friedland.

All these offers are open from this date, Jan. 2, 1892, and advantage should be taken of them as speedily as possible.

TERMS.

The terms of subscription should be borne in mind, so as to avoid confusion. They are as follows:

Individual subscriptions ....$2.50 each.
Club subscriptions, not less than five members..... $2.00 each.

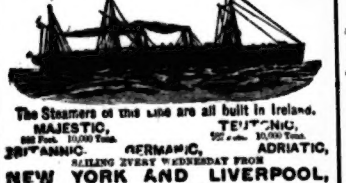
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Early attention to this announcement is respectfully requested.

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The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, is ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him. Owing to the passage of liberal laws by the last congress, the perfecting of pension claims has been much simplified, all soldiers, their widows or other dependents, who can prove an honest claim against the government are reasonably certain of having such claims allowed. This office, in addition to attending to regular pension claims, is also prepared to open, under the new laws, old cases rejected because of insufficient evidence, and to thoroughly sift cases of technical desertion, owing to errors in muster out, etc., by which deserving men are often deprived of their just dues.

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TO INSPECT THE TROOPS

Arrival of Governor Pattison at Homestead.

ANNOUNCED BY BOOMING OF CANNON

The Gates of the Carnegie Mill Again Thrown Open but There Are No Applicants for Work—Secretary Lovejoy Says, However, That the Mills Are Gradually Filling Up with Non-Union Men and Work Will Soon Begin.

HOMESTEAD, Pa., July 19.—The booming of cannon a few minutes after 9 o'clock Tuesday morning announced to the citizens of the borough of Homestead that Governor Pattison had arrived. A large crowd had gathered at the Homestead depot and several trains from Pittsburg were watched in vain. Rain was falling steadily and it was a very disagreeable morning for the governor to make his entry. The governor's private car was switched off at Munhall station and the governor went through the Carnegie mill to the hotel opposite the entrance. The governor's presence was not discovered for some little time. Finally word was sent to headquarters and the brass ten-pounder in front of General Snowden's headquarters responded with a salute of seventeen guns. While this was in progress the head of the state government was driven up the steep hill in an open carriage. The cavalry acted as escort. General Snowden was at headquarters awaiting the arrival of his chief.

Will Remain Four Days.

The governor is expected to remain in camp four days, as both the Second and Third brigades are to be inspected. Comfortable tents have been erected for the governor and his staff near the division headquarters.

The ranks of the mill men show no signs of weakening. When the gates of the mill were thrown open Tuesday morning there were no applicants for work. The usual force of watchmen and clerks and two or three foremen were the only persons aside from the troops on guard who entered. Reports that non-union men had been smuggled in, and that some of the departments of the mill would be started at once was discredited by the strikers. They declare that extensive repairs are necessary before any work can be done, and the determined stand taken by the mechanics has made it very difficult for the works to be put in condition—even if non-union steel workers were at hand to take the places of the members of the Amalgamated association.

FILLING UP THE MILL.

Secretary Lovejoy Says New Men Are Constantly Going In.

PITTSBURG, July 19.—Secretary Lovejoy said Tuesday morning: "We have no fears for any arrests or informations, and do not believe that they can be so ill-advised as to take this step. They were the trespassers and aggressors, and are in no position to charge any crime on the company or its agents. It is, of course, possible that we, or some of us, may be arrested. We have the names of many others against whom informations will be made and we will make them from day to day, as fast as they can be prepared, and arrests from now on will be of daily occurrence.

Will Have All They Need.

"We already have in the mills a good many more men than is generally known, and are daily adding to the number. We are going slowly in order to give our old men all reasonable chance and time to return to work. When that time—Thursday next—expires we will then fill up with outside men, and I say to you we will have all we need. The men were warned by some one to get out of the road. There have been men going into the mill every day and night for some time and a number were sent up Monday night. More will go up and we will keep on sending a few till the evening of Thursday, when we will get ready to fill the works."

WILL STEAL NO MORE.

A Thief Takes a Fit and Dies After Being Arrested.

CHICAGO, July 19.—A thief, whose identity has not yet been established, entered the home of Jacob Ewald at 4852 Page street shortly before midnight Monday night and was discovered by Ewald, who, with the aid of his wife, threw the intruder down a flight of stairs to the sidewalk. As the thief scrambled to his feet one of Ewald's neighbors ran up and knocked him down. The burglar was then taken into custody, but at the patrol box he fell in an epileptic fit and died a few minutes later. The police believed that the excitement and the rough treatment the burglar received brought on the fit which resulted in death, but arrested Ewald and his neighbor, who will be held in custody pending the inquest.

Fatal Explosion of Powder.

COLDWATER, Mich., July 19.—In Matteson township three children went into Park Bach's workshop and tried to light a match. The head flew into a quantity of powder a few feet away, which exploded, injuring the 11-year-old son of Mr. Beach so seriously that he will die. Another boy's face was filled with powder and his eye badly injured, while the third child, a little girl, escaped with singed eyebrows and a burned arm.

Pension Office Investigation.

WASHINGTON, July 19.—Representative Lindley of Minnesota has submitted the views of the minority of the special pension office investigating committee which had in charge the investigation of the pension bureau under the management of Commissioner Raum. The report finds nothing for which the commissioner can be criticised, unless it be that he appointed his son appointment clerk of the bureau.

Hanged Himself in Jail.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., July 19.—Richmond Curtis, traveling under the assumed name of George Connors, an ex-reformatory convict, committed suicide by hanging in the jail here. He was lodged in prison on the charge of horsestealing in Williamsport. The young man was sent to the reformatory from Philadelphia for forgery. He is said to be a nephew of George William Curtis of Harper's Weekly.

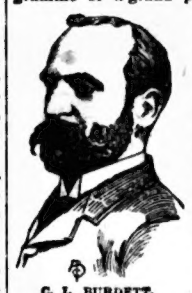
Bridge Carpenter Killed.

BEDFORD, Ind., July 19.—While several bridge carpenters were at work on a new trestle on the Bedford Belt line, it fell, killing a man named Barnett of New Albany and seriously injuring several others.

WHEELMEN ON PARADE.

Five Thousand Cyclists in Line at Washington City.

WASHINGTON, July 19.—Not daunted by the threatening clouds and slight rain Tuesday morning the League of American Wheelmen carried out their programme of a grand parade with about five thousand wheelmen in line. The line was made up at the foot of the Capitol, proceeding up Pennsylvania avenue to the White House. When the procession reached the White House, headed by the Ovman Wheel band, also mounted on bicycles, the president had not left his office, and some three hundred wheelmen passed under the arch of the White House before the president arrived.



C. L. BURDETT.

Reviewed by the President.

The president stood on a Turkish rug in the center of the portico, looking towards Lafayette park. To the left of President Harrison stood President Burdette of the League of American Wheelmen, and to the left of him stood Colonel Ernst, superintendent of public buildings. The first to pass the review of the president was the bicycle-mounted military company of the National guard of the District of Columbia, who acted as escort for the parade. Then came the visiting clubs, arranged by states. They made a grand panorama as they passed the president with their neat and trim costumes and gayly decorated machines, many riders being entirely covered with the various badges which they had swapped for. The wheelmen were evidently out for fun and carried everything possible that would add to the hilarity prevailing. Some had cowbells, many had gorgeously colored Japanese umbrellas, and nearly all carried flags.

Many Lady Riders.

One enthusiastic wheelman had a tame crow perched upon a pole attached to the machine, who added his voice to the din made by the wheelmen, ringing bells, blowing horns, etc. One of the most attractive features of the parade was the very large number of lady riders, who as a rule were attired in a modification of the cosumes of the clubs which they accompanied. Mr. Bennett of Shickshinny, Pa., was accompanied by his two sons, aged 8 and the other 2½ years. The little tot on his minature wheel kept up with the procession throughout. After leaving the executive mansion the procession went to the base of the Washington monument, where it was disbanded.

Signed the Scale.

JOLIET, Ills., July 19.—The rod mill of the Illinois Steel company in this city has been shut down for the last month for repairs and to decide the scale of wages for the ensuing year. The scale was signed Monday morning by both sides at a conference between representatives of the company and the Amalgamated association of Iron and Steel workers. The terms were satisfactory. The men received official notice that work would be resumed immediately.

Dragged to His Death.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 19.—John Ellis, a driver for Nordyke & Marmon, met with a terrible death. He was driving a team of young horses when they took fright at the edge of the Morris Street bridge. In trying to bring them under control he was drawn from the wagon and the lines were wrapped around his legs. In this condition he was dragged across the bridge, his head striking against the iron beams. One eye was torn out and his head was mashed into pulp.

Congress of the Whist League.

NEW YORK, July 19.—The second annual congress of the American Whist league opened at noon Tuesday in the theatre of the Manhattan Athletic club. Between three hundred and four hundred delegates, representing forty seven clubs, are in attendance. The opening play for the Hamilton trophy was held Tuesday evening. Twenty-two clubs are to compete, each being represented by a term of four men.

In the Hands of a Receiver.

LEBANON, Ind., July 19.—The Chicago and Southeastern railway, of which H. Crawford, Sr., of Chicago, the railway lawyer, is president, was, upon petition of several business men, placed in the hands of a receiver, E. L. Lane of this city receiving the appointment. This action will start operations after a tie up of several days caused by striking employes.

Suicide of Evarts' Son-in-Law.

NORTHPORT, L. I., July 19.—Dr. Charles Scudder, son-in-law of ex-Senator Evarts, committed suicide at his cottage near here by stabbing himself. He was 38 years old and had been suffering from nervous prostration caused by overstudy. His wife, formerly Louisa Evarts, and her 7-year-old daughter are now at Mr. Evarts' home in Windsor, Vt.

Beat the Tandem Record.

LONDON, July 19.—Arthur A. Zimmerman, the noted American bicyclist, added to his series of successes Tuesday a victory at Hern Hill. Zimmerman and Bradbury beat the tandem record for a mile by 13 2-5 seconds, the time being 2m. 17 2-5s. They afterward beat by 15 seconds the 5-miles tandem record; time 12m. 56⅕s.

Fatal Explosion of a Boiler.

RICHMOND, Ind., July 19.—The large boiler in the Haynes, Spencer & Co.'s church furniture factory exploded with terrific force. Taylor Hall was killed, and John Elatfo, Fred Hyers, Joe Hyers, William Murray, Joe Russell, John Schepman and Harry Sparks wounded. Hyers will die and Schepman also probably.

Long Branch Hotel Burned.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., July 19.—Fire was discovered in the Atlantic hotel at 3 o'clock Tuesday morning. The flames spread rapidly, and the guests were obliged to flee for their lives. There were a number of narrow escapes. The hotel was destroyed.

Riot at Tipperary.

DUBLIN, July 19.—There was a riot between Parnellites and anti-Parnellites at Tipperary Monday night. Much damage to property resulted and several persons were badly injured.

Failure in Leather.

WOBURN, Mass., July 19.—Robert Duncan, leather manufacturer, made an assignment Tuesday. Liabilities over $100,000; assets not yet ascertained.

THE MILL GATE OPENED.

But Not One Striker Returns to Work.

SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTICE IGNORED

The Effort to Start Up the Carnegie Mills with the Old Men Returned as Individuals Proves a Dismal Failure—Some of the Unskilled Laborers Return to the Union Mills in Pittsburg—Two More Victims of the Battle.

HOMESTEAD, July 18.—At 6 o'clock Monday morning the watchmen threw open the main gate in the two miles of fence that surrounds the great steel mills of the Carnegie company and peered into the dense fog outside to see if the men in the mechanical departments were beginning to arrive. The shadowy form of a soldier on guard was the only sign of life visible and the faithful watchman withdrew to the shelter of the office porch. He waited patiently for the appearance of the five hundred or six hundred mechanics who were notified to report for duty Monday morning and begin repairs preliminary to the starting of the mills.

A Difficult Job.

A United Press reporter also waited patiently. A few minutes before 7 o'clock one man arrived and was admitted without a question. Then came another, and another, until twelve men had passed within the gates. They were not the mechanics who were summoned. They were not former employes returning to make individual application for their old positions. They were the watchmen and foremen who have remained loyal to the company and have been on duty since the mills shut down. And thus did the week open. Not one of the skilled mechanics reported at the office despite the official notice of Superintendent Potter. Work did not commence at the usual time Monday. These mechanics are not only only experts in their several lines but they are familiar with every machine and every furnace in the Carnegie works. To fill their places will be extremely difficult, as the appliances at the Carnegie mills are in advance of those of any steel works in the country.

Pickets of Strikers.

Even if men capable of doing the work are found, it will be no easy matter to induce them to work under guard. All night long the strikers' pickets patrolled the river front and not a man was smuggled into the works. Pickets also watched the gates Monday morning and any deserter from their ranks who entered would have been reported. The usual number of watchmen and clerks who go to the mills daily were not interfered with in any way, but any new man who applies will certainly have unpleasant experiences if he shows his face in town again. The unanimous decision of all the employes of the Carnegie works who are not members of the Amalgamated association and who number some 2,000, at their meeting Sunday, to stand out with the steel workers to the end has made the entire force at the Homestead mills a unit, and the company cannot hope to obtain a man from Homestead without first settling with the association.

Strikers Get Excited.

What might have been a serious conflict of authority occurred about 2 o'clock Monday morning at City Farm Station on the Pittsburg, Virginia and Charleston railroad, just at the entrance to the Carnegie plant, between a number of workers, variously estimated of from 100 to 300, and the troops on guard. This unusual gathering of workingmen at such an early hour is said to have been caused by the repeated blowing of a steam whistle from some vessel on the river. The men gathered at City Farm Station and were prevented from going further by the soldiers on guard. They seemed much excited and insisted that the tugboat Tide was landing non-union men at the works.

Sent for Reinforcements.

Many Hungarians living in a big tenement near the station rushed out of the house and joined the gathering. The officer in command of the pickets became alarmed and sent for reinforcements. Brigadier General Gobin immediately ordered out a battalion of four companies to the support of the guard. When the battalion, Colonel Ripple of the Eighteenth regiment in command of the force, ordered the workmen to disperse, most of them did so quietly, but some of them became abusive and Colonel Ripple placed four of them under arrest. They were detained all night in the tent of the provost guard. In the morning Colonel Green, the provost marshal, gave them a hearing, then admonishing them to be careful in the future, allowed them to go.

More Victims of the Battle.

PITTSBURG, July 19.—Edward Spear, a resident of Chicago, one of the Pinkerton men, died about midnight Sunday night. He had been shot in the right leg during the battle on the barges at Homestead on Wednesday, the 6th inst. He was taken to the West Pennsylvania hospital that evening with the others, and was not regarded as seriously hurt. His wound was near the thigh and his death is attributed to exhaustion.

George W. Rutter, 46 years old, who was one of the Homestead strikers shot during the riot, died at the Homeopathic hospital Sunday morning from the effects of the wounds received. He leaves a widow and family living at Verona.

Returned to Work.

PITTSBURG, July 18.—A large number of the mechanics and laborers of the upper and lower Union Carnegie mills at Lawrenceburg, and who went out last week when the members of the Amalgamated association inaugurated their sympathetic strike, returned to work Monday morning. These men are employed in finishing up the work of the skilled employes and a large quantity of which is on hand. They do not belong to the association, but the members of the latter made earnest but fruitless efforts to induce them to stay out of the mills. Superintendent Dillon is inclined to regard the attitude of the unskilled men as the beginning of the end so far as these mills are concerned.

Warrants for O'Donnell and Others.

PITTSBURG, July 18.—Warrants were issued at 1 o'clock Monday afternoon for the arrest of Hugh O'Donnell and several other leaders prominent in the riots at Homestead Wednesday, July 6. The warrants were issued by Squire McMasters at the instance of Secretary Lovejoy of the Carnagie company.

At the tennis tournament held at Chicago, Sam T. Chase won the championship in singles.

JUSTIN M'CARTHY WINS.

The Anti-Parnellite Elected in the North Division of Longford.

LONDON, July 18.—At an early hour Saturday afternoon the election returns showed only one seat gained by the Liberals. This was in the South division of Lincolnshire, where in the general elec-



JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

tion of 1886 A. R. Heath, Conservative, was returned without opposition. Mr. Heath contested the district this year, but Mr. Perks, his Liberal opponent, was elected by a majority of 839. Justin McCarthy, the leader of the anti-Parnellites, who was defeated in Londonderry, a few days ago, much to the delight of the Parnellites, was elected Friday in the North division of Longford, beating his Conservative opponent, J. M. Wilson, by a majority of 2,458.

ANOTHER TRAIN ROBBERY.

A Missouri, Kansas and Texas Passenger Held Up.

KANSAS CITY, July 16.—A Missouri, Kansas and Texas passenger train was held up in Indian Territory Thursday night by the Dalton gang. The express company says that the money in the safe was only a small amount, not exceeding $2,000, but there is reason to believe that it was many times that amount. The train was stopped at a water tank about a quarter of a mile from Adair. Two masked men confronted the engineer with revolvers and held him prisoner while two others compelled the fireman to break down the door of the express car with a pick. Two other men joined the robbers at the car door, making six in all.

The messenger began shooting through the door, but desisted when he learned that the fireman was compelled to stand in front of it. The shooting attracted the attention of Captain Kennedy of the detective service and the Indian officer who was with him, and they, with Drs. Ward and Mitchell of Adair went forward to render what assistance they could to the messenger. The robbers began firing and wounded all four of them. The wounds are not fatal, but Kennedy and Ward will be laid up for many days—one with a ball through his shoulder and the other with a broken leg.

IN CŒUR D'ALÈNE.

A Hundred of the Union Miners Arrested by the Soldiers.

SPOKANE, Wash., July 18.—An anarchistic leaflet for the striking miners named Randall, who aided in blowing up the Frisco mill, was arrested here Friday night on a charge of murder. All his braves disappeared when the sheriff laid hands on him, and he is now only anxious to prove that he had no hand in the fatal blast. General Carlin and 1,000 soldiers arrived at Wardner Friday evening, and immediately placed about one hundred of the worst of the union miners under arrest.

Tom O'Brien a Prisoner.

He has set up martial law in the district and is advising the strikers to come in and surrender before he is forced to go after them, in which event bloodshed is feared. The miners have any amount of dynamite in their possession, and it is necessary to guard every mill and bridge to prevent their being blown up. A fight is likely to occur at any minute, as Tom O'Brien, president of the Miners' Central union for the Cœur d'Alene district, is one of the prisoners, and the more reckless of the miners still at large are agitating a rescue movement.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., Arrives.

NEW YORK, July 18.—Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., who sailed for Europe with her cousin, Charles McAllister, and his wife of Philadelphia last April, returned on the steamship Champagne Sunday. She drove to the New York hotel, the home of Colonel and Mrs. Nevins, her parents. Mrs. Blaine made the trip abroad in the hope of benefiting her health, and is said to be somewhat improved by the voyage. No letters have yet been given out by young Mrs. Blaine for publication.

Alice Mitchell on Trial.

MEMPHIS, July 18.—Alice Mitchell, who cut the throat of her friend Ferda Ward on the streets of this city some time ago was placed on trial Monday. The girl's father was the first witness on the stand, and he told of his wife's temporary insanity when her first child was born and also of her mental aberration when Alice was born. Mr. Mitchell wept bitterly in detailing the story, but his daughter smiled as if she thought the matter a huge joke.

Terrible Disaster Reported.

LONDON, July 18.—The steamer Catterthun, which has arrived at Sydney, N. S. W., reports that when she touched at the Island of Timor there was a rumor current that the island of Sangis, in the Malay Archipelago, had been destroyed by a volcanic eruption, and that the whole population, comprising 12,000 people, had perished. The Catterthun steamed for miles through masses of volcanic debris.

To Adjourn Next Monday.

WASHINGTON, July 18.—The house committee on ways and means Monday considered and ordered favorably reported a resolution providing for the adjournment of the first session of this congress on Monday next, July 25. The vote on the resolution was unanimous.

Lignum Vitæ Brakes.

It appears that the lignum vitæ, which has been used so successfully abroad for bearings, possesses special value for brake blocks, giving even better results than cast iron. After being cut to the sweep of the wheel it is firmly clamped to the brake shoe. Owing to its extreme hardness the wood wears very slightly and uniformly.—New York Journal.

BRIEF INFORMATION.

Events of a Week Condensed for the Busy Reader.

The project for a 2 per cent. tax in aid of the Chicago and Great Western carried at Mason City, Ia., by a vote of 367 to 108.

Malcom Pitcher, a white man, was arrested at Little Rock, Ark., on a charge of bigamy preferred by Maquoketa (Iowa) authorities.

The visible supply of grain decreased 1,132,000 bushels wheat and 762,000 corn, and increased 483,000 bushels of oats last week.

During a drunken quarrel at St. Louis Lawrence Noonan struck Lizzie Butler a blow in the face. The woman fell and never recovered consciousness, dying within an hour.

Samuel O. Peoples died at South Bend, Ind., as a result of attempted suicide, caused by drink and family trouble. He was a fine decorator, and came from Boston.

Herbert Krucorsky of Milwaukee sustained a fatal sunstroke while at work in a gravel pit at Rockton, Ills.

According to the Philadelphia Ledger Andrew Carnegie "is said to own no less than eighteen English newspapers."

Thomas Leeson of Beloit, Wis., proprietor of a machine shop, was struck on the head and killed by the bursting of an emery grindstone over which he was working.

A relief fund for the sufferers of the St. Johns fire will be started at the mansion house by the lord mayor of London.

Clarence Duvall and John Allen, colored Chicago bootblacks, were run over at Bloomington, Ills., by an Alton train. Allen was killed and Duvall will die.

James W. Powell, aged 18 years, son of Lemuel Powell of Bethlehem township, Ind., left his home Sunday for a short walk. His body was found in the bottom of a pond on his father's farm. He went swimming and was drowned.

Thomas Kelly, one of the oldest farmers in Allen county, Ia., fell dead. He was sitting on a chair talking business when he threw up his hands without a moment's warning.

Dixon, Ills., is having an epidemic of burglaries, and so far the police seem powerless to detect the criminals.

Miss Jean Ingelow, though in her sixties, pursues her amiable hobby of botanical study and flower cultivation, and keeps up her benevolent custom of giving three times a week dinners to twelve poor people freshly discharged from the hospitals of London.

Rain has done great damage throughout central Tennessee. All streams are swollen, lowlands inundated, and great loss of property has resulted.

A young man named S. Kahler was arrested at Elkhart, Ind., charged with committing recent burglaries. He implicated four others, who were arrested.

* * *

Health Commissioner Ware says that typhoid fever is not epidemic in Chicago. There are 200 cases now in the county hospital.

At Brainerd, Minn., the Salvation Army of that place was arrested and their United States flag captured. There is considerable sympathy for the prisoners, many of whom are women and young people.

P. W. Pope of Perry has been nominated for congress by the Democrats of the Twentieth Illinois district.

Bernard Reiss, of the firm of Neuberger, Reiss & Co., of San Francisco, has been arrested on the charge of defrauding the government out of $2,400 duties by invoicing silk and woolen goods as jute and cotton.

Corporal Henry Sunold, of Company M, Sixth infantry, was shot and mortally wounded at Fort Thomas, near Cincinnati, by Private Louis Young of the same company. The tragedy was the outcome of an old feud.

Lord Salisbury, it is said, will await the issue with the Gladstonians on a division of parliament on an amendment to the queen's speech before resigning his ministry, if the government meets defeat in the test vote.

A case is reported of a somnambulist who walked fifteen miles in his sleep.

A Houston county, Ga., man has a sow, 6 years old, that has been the mother of 172 pigs, and now has a litter of eleven.

News Agent Hilliricht was killed at Cairo, Ills., by falling from a train and striking his head against a switch stand.

The first shipments of bananas by rail from New Orleans to San Francisco was recently made. Hereretofore such fruit has only reached San Francisco by steamer.

On an average each inhabitant of France consumes fifty liters or quarts of wine in a year. In Paris they do better—or worse—with an average consumption of 196 liters.

A man living in New England who is 5 ft. 7 in. in height, has a beard 6 ft. 3 in. in length, or 8 inches longer than himself. The beard began to grow twelve years ago.

* * *

Caleb Dodworth, an old enemy of the whisky trust, has bought six acres of ground near Winton Place, Cincinnati, where he will immediately erect a big distillery to co-operate with the Cumminsville distillery in opposition to the whisky trust.

David Yeomans, ex-president of the state Farmers' Alliance, has been nominated for congress by the People's party in convention at Winamac, Ind.

The chainmakers at the Bimel Standish works at St. Mary's, O., struck for an advance of from 15 to 50 per cent.

Alex Anderson of Rockford, Ills., was fatally injured by an electric railway car.

A serious wreck occurred on the Northwestern railway ten miles west of Clinton, Ia., the engine and five cars going into the ditch. Fireman George Cox was killed.

Professor Carl Schlenker of Ann Arbor will occupy the chair of languages in the Carthage, Ills., college, made vacant by the resignation of Professor E. M. Mensel, who will fill the same chair at Ann Arbor.

Mayor Hughes of Clinton, Ia., was assaulted by two brothers whom he had had in his employ for some time. His head and face were badly cut and bruised.

George Manning, the notorious counterfeiter, was found guilty in the United States district court at St. Joseph, Mo.

The Rev. Hugh Eichelberg, pastor of the Petri Reformed church at Evansville, Ind., was prostrated by the heat and may die.

Mrs. M. D. Hawley, aged 60 years, died at Lebanon, Ind., from poison, self-administered. The motive for the suicide is unknown.

The Massachusetts legislature has passed a law requiring the railroads to issue $30 mileage books, good on any road in the state. It is to go into effect Oct. 1.

On the county poor farm near Crawfordsville, Ind., Patrick Savage, aged 95, a pauper, was fatally beaten by Andy Smalley, another pauper.

R. J. Walker was knocked on the head by an unknown man while on the schooner Middlesex at Chicago. He fell in the river and was drowned.

A special grand jury has been asked for to investigate charges of bribery against ten members of the Toledo city council.

* * *

Ex-President Cleveland will visit the Adriondacks this summer, going to Loon Lake about Aug. 1.

At Dorchester, Neb., the son of C. E. Brock, proprietor of a flouring mill, got his arm caught in the shafting of the mill and before he could be rescued was literally cut to pieces.

While boating on Portage lake Martin Casey, a moulder at Hancock, Mich., fell overboard. Frank Thompson, a fellow laborer, went to his assistance and both were drowned.

Executions amounting to $6,000 have been obtained against the Goshen, Ind., Split Pulley company.

A negro woman named Mollie Tatum, found dead near Eldorado, Ark., is supposed to have been killed by her husband, a preacher. Tatum has been arrested and placed in jail. The negroes threaten to lynch Tatum.

Incendiaries tried to burn the railway depot at Duncomb, Ia.

The farmers near Lebanon, Ind., have perfected an organization by which the thrashing of this year's wheat crop is to be let by contract through committees appointed, who will also make sales for seaboard delivery.

Charles Bozell, aged 10 years, of Odalia, Ind., fell into White river, where the water was only two feet deep, but sank in a quicksand and was drowned.

It is announced that the Evansville and Richmond railroad will be extended from Westport, Ind., to Richmond, Ind.

O. T. Pierman was arrested and locked up at Little Rock, Ark., charged with attempting to assault Mrs. Ida Smith at Wrightsville, Ark., June 23.

Six Italian laborers digging a sewer at Shepard's leather factory, in Westport, Conn., were blown up by an explosion of a tank of naphtha and four were fatally injured.

Mrs. James Lane, who lived at Herbst, eight miles east of Marion, Ind., jumped into a well and was drowned. She had been ill for a long time.

Bricklayers on the new hotel at Huntington, Ind., struck because they were ordered to tear down and rebuild a wall that was out of plumb.

The Western Passenger association has made the rate of one fare for the round trip to Peoria and return for the Illinois state fair, Sept. 26 to Oct. 1.

* * *

Jesse Guseman, aged 15, shot and fatally injured Mary Yenger, aged 17, at Uniontown, Pa. Guseman was practicing some distance from where the girl was sitting, when she dared him to shoot at her, saying his gun would not shoot half so far. Guseman instantly turned and shot. The girl's physician says she will die.

John Davis, a negro supposed to be the murderer of two women at Sedalia, Tex., and who wounded two others at the same place, has been arrested at Marshall, Tex.

Dr. E. I[illegible], a prominent physician of Omaha, owned at Lake Manawa, a [illegible] Omaha.

Owing to the scarcity of binding twine, and the refusal of the National Cordage company and other large concerns to fill orders, Iowa farmers are compelled to pay an advance of 2 cents per pound over last year for supplies sufficient for their harvest.

J. A. Warden, a farmer living near Arena, Ills., attempted to place a bridle bit in the mouth of one of his horses when the animal caught him by the hand, biting the thumb entirely off.

Miss Ella L. Knowles, the People's party nominee for attorney general of Montana, is a New Hampshire girl, educated in Maine, and now a prosperous lawyer in Helena.

Elijah Cook of St. Louis was drowned in the river at Jeffersonville, Ind.

The Holen concentrator at Bingham, Utah, burned. The loss is $30,000.

D. J. Flynn, a wealthy farmer of Hilliard, O., fell from his mowing machine and was cut to pieces by the mowing knives.

Johanna Donivan, an inmate of a Toledo, O., asylum was suspected of hiding stolen articles in her bustle. Instead of the missing articles $736 in money was found, which she had had stowed away there for several years.

The large amphitheater on the race course of the state fair grounds at Des Moines, Ia., valued at $12,000, was destroyed in a windstorm.

* * *

Grant Lester, a negro, was run down by a train at Nashville, Ills.

Thomas Herman, a mechanic of Racine, Wis., quarreled with his wife and then went into his cellar and hanged himself.

West Superior Iron and Steel company has closed its works and has notified all employes that no members of the Amalgamated association will be recognized hereafter.

Eyesight Saved

After Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Pneumonia and other prostrating diseases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled to thoroughly purify the blood and give needed strength. Read this:



Clifford Blackman.

"My boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, leaving him very **weak** and with blood **poisoned with canker.** His eyes became inflamed, his sufferings were intense, and for 7 weeks he could not even open his eyes. I took him to the Eye and Ear Infirmary, but their remedies did him no good. I began giving him

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which soon cured him. I know it **saved his sight,** if not his very life." ABBIE F. BLACKMAN, 2888 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JULY 23, 1892

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The County Fair."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Miss Helyett."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"Jane."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Margaret Fleming.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

FEROCIOUS MANAGER FRICK.

Mr. Manager Frick, of Homestead, Pa., is doing a good deal of fan-tail business just now in the matter of threatening indictments against the persons recently engaged in the riot with the Pinkerton Hessians. It might be well for Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who is possessed of a great deal of common sense when he chooses to exercise it, to come back from Scotland and take the direction of affairs into his own hands. His lieutenant evidently mistakes the situation. He undoubtedly mistakes, if we are not greatly deceived, the temper of the American people. Mr. Frick brought the Pinkertons to Homestead. They came well armed and prepared to shed blood. Their presence was a provocation—their very presence a menace to American liberty. Mr. Frick, one of the "new rich" magnates of this country, is a mischief maker. He wishes to "strike terror," after the Russian or English fashion. Already warrants have been sworn out for the arrest of John McLuckie, Hugh O'Donnell, Samuel Burnet, Sylvester Critchlow, Anthony Flaherty, James Flanigan and Hugh Ross, who are charged with being leaders in the Homestead riots and are accused of wilful murder. Frick was interviewed on the subject last Monday, and, among other things, had the following to say:

"Against how many persons have you secured evidence?"

"We have more than one thousand good cases. Every person who was on the company's property at the time of the fight is guilty of inciting a riot and is guilty of murder under the law."

"Against how many people at Homestead will you make the charge of murder and the demand for arrest?"

"That is not decided."

"Will it be as much as four or five hundred?"

"I should think that it will probably be about that number. It will depend upon circumstances. If the men behave themselves and return to work it is not likely that we will move against them."

"Then you will permit these men to escape who will go back to work?"

"Not all of them; we will proceed against those who were actually engaged in the killing, but unless a man had a rifle, unless he was there to do murder, I do not think we will move against him, especially if he will go back to work."

Now, how would it be if the men whose liberties and, perhaps, lives are placed in danger by this man Frick, were to take proceedings against himself for murder and conspiracy to do murder? The information should read somewhat as follows:

"Commonwealth of Pennsylvania vs. Manager Frick, Carnegie Steel Works and others.

State of Pennsylvania, county of Allegheny, ss. Before me, the subscriber, etc., a justice of the peace of said county, personally came Hugh O'Donnell, Samuel Burnet, et al., who, upon oath administered according to law, deposeth and saith: That in Mifflin township, in the county of Allegheny and state of Pennsylvania, on the 5th day of July, 1892, Manager Frick, of the Carnegie Steel Works, in said township, county and state, and others, did of their malice aforethought, feloniously and notoriously bring into said Mifflin township, etc., a force of armed men known as the Pinkerton Guards, whose existence as guardians of the public peace is not recognized by the constitution or the laws of Pennsylvania or of the United States of America, and who did with force and arms and deadly weapons kill and murder (here insert the names of the slaughtered workingmen) then and there being in the peace of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania," and so forth.

Now, while it maybe held to be a crime in Homestead that a citizen should possess a rifle, the constitution of the United States and also of the state of Pennsylvania make no such restriction. Where arms are prohibited in this country it is merely a police regulation, and citizens out of uniform have, at least, as much right to possess rifles as Pinkerton Guards in uniform. Private standing armies, no matter under what pretext, cannot be permitted in this Republic, and if they are maintained, and brought in arms against the people, popular sentiment will uphold the latter in resistance to them. Those who employ such a force are infinitely more guilty than those who oppose it. If the Homestead strikers had fired upon a sheriff's posse, or on the militia, or on the troops of the United States, popular feeling would be against them. Under the circumstances it is with them, and any serious attempt on the part of Mr. Frick to pursue their leaders or themselves for murder will only result in making him more odious in public estimation than he is at present. If, instead of resorting to bulldozing, he had tried what arbitration could effect, all the trouble might have been avoided.

THE CITIZEN, while condemning the venomous disposition of Mr. Frick, does not approve the conduct of the members of the Homestead mob who maltreated the Pinkerton Guards after surrender. If it could be shown that any of the surrendered men died from the effects of blows administered after captulation, and that the cowards who struck them could be identified, the assailants should receive the severest penalty known to the law. But, from all the statements so far presented, none of the men threatened with arrest, or, like McLuckie, already arrested, had anything to do with the dastardly assaults committed upon defenseless prisoners.

"DOWN WITH THE LORDS!"

It is rumored from England that the obstinate old Queen, who grows more like her pig-headed grandsire, George III, as she grows older, has determined not to summon Mr. Gladstone to form the new British cabinet, but to substitute the Duke of Devonshire or some other Liberal-Unionist for him. This would be both dangerous and ridiculous. The Liberals, Laborites, McCarthyites and Parnellites have their minor differences, it is true, but so have the Tories and the Liberal-Unionists. On the question of Home Rule, Gladstone's forty odd majority will stand good, however it may divide on lesser causes. The only opposition that can be expected from the nine Parnellites, is a tendency toward making the Home Rule bill more radical than it might be otherwise. This would do no harm whatever. On the contrary it would have a healthy influence. But the Parnellites would not dare, even if they desired, to vote against a decent Home Rule measure. If they did, their constituencies would lynch them.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the only Irishman elected to parliament in England, and a man of well proven parliamentary ability, says in his *Sunday Sun* that Mr. Gladstone is determined to lose no time with his Home Rule bill, but will run a ballot reform measure—one man one vote—side by side with it. This would gratify the English Liberals and Radicals, particularly the Laborites, and, at the same time, would give Mr. Gladstone a fine base of successful operations when the lords throw out his Home Rule enactment. Mr. O'Connor says further, that Gladstone will not go to the country on a single rejection by the lords, but will send the bill back to them three or four times. The longer they smell at the physic, the less they will feel like taking it, and the more the English masses will become disgusted with the hereditary legislators. "Down with the house of lords!" would become a battle-cry such as would shake the Three Kingdoms, and the brave little principality, from centre to circumference, and give a shock to aristocratic pride and pretensions unequalled since William conquered at Hastings. Gladstone is old, but he has plenty of fire left in him yet. Nobody can call that tough old parliamentary hand an extinct volcano.

JOHN BRENNAN'S VIEWS.

The Hon. John Brennan, of Iowa, is an Irishman through and through. He believes, as we do, in the right of Ireland to separate herself entirely from Great Britain, if she can accomplish that very desirable object. At the same time, he does not frown magisterially on Home Rule. Interviewed by the Chicago *Tribune* in this city the other day, Judge Brennan said:

"I consider the late British elections a declaration of the people in favor of what is called Home Rule for Ireland, and it seems certain that some form of local self government will be grated to the Irish nation in our day. I suppose this is the beginning of the end, and while Ireland is likely to remain a part of the British Empire, still its aspirations for national life seem about to be gratified.

"You say Michael Davitt has been elected to Parliament? If he has any sort of respect for himself he will never take the oath of allegiance to the English government. He has been a sworn conspirator against that government for thirty years, and though Davitt is not much given to posing I should not be much astonished to see him refuse at the bar of the House of Commons to take the oath. He can never take that oath without being criticised.

"What is the best thing to do for the best interest of Ireland? Make the best terms possible with the English government for the time being, teach the rising generation the lesson of nationality and let them prepare themselves for better things. The destiny of Ireland is largely in the hands of the greater Ireland on this side of the Atlantic. The McKinley bill has driven the steel deeper into the bowels of England than all the abortive attempts at revolution in Ireland for 140 years."

It is certain that Gov. McKinley is the most unpopular American statesman that England ever hated. This fact should make him the most popular man in America.

TWO IRISH-AMERICAN CAPTAINS.

Hon. Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, elected chairman of the National Republican executive committee, is a native of Ohio, but both his father and mother were born in Ireland. Mr. Carter is still in his prime, and is one of the ablest public men in America. He brings to the important position to which he has been elected enthusiasm, ability and magnetism. He is a great favorite in his adopted State, and has thousands of friends among the opposition.

Hon. William F. Harrity, of Pennsylvania, who is likely to be elected chairman of the Democratic National Executive Committee, is also, as his name thoroughly indicates, an Irish American, and is not behind his able Republican rival in the qualities that make a successful political leader. The Irish blood of this country seems to be in great demand, on both sides, just now. Previous to the Irish "bolt," as it is called, to Blaine, in 1884, they were not shown so much consideration. A little healthy independence, at the proper time, is good for the body politic. Irishmen have as good a right to split upon American political questions as the natives themselves, or the Germans, or any others. If an Irishman is a protectionist he should vote as he feels. If a free trader, which seems an illogical position for him to occupy, he has a right to vote according to his convictions; but, whatever his sentiments, he should vote anyhow, not often, but early in the day.

GLADSTONE AND HIS FOLLOWING.

The New York *Tribune's* Smalley, writing from London under date of July 17, says:

"Herbert Gladstone, who is often chosen as the medium for expressing his father's views, experimentally, has, since the result of the election was made known, declared that 'in common sense and common honesty' Home Rule must come first. The way in which it is likely to be handled and Mr. Gladstone's probable plans in case his bill is rejected by the House of Lords were stated to you last week. That account still holds good, and so do the Gladstonian uncertainties touching the chances of the forthcoming measure. There can be no doubt what Mr. Gladstone's expectations were and what the purpose was which he based on them. He fully believed that he should sweep the country, that he should return, not merely to office but to power, and with a majority sufficient to overawe the House of Lords. He meant, I think, to make his Home Rule bill as conservative as possible. If he had obtained an independent majority, this bill might not have differed much from that of 1886, save in retaining the Irish members at Westminster.

"All these calculations have gone to water. The coming bill must now be such as Archbishop Walsh and the other real leaders of the Irish Home Rulers will accept. Should he agree with them upon the main lines of it, even then his difficulties will only have begun. He cannot now hope to be absolute master in his own house.

"Never was a more heterogeneous majority than that which will group itself around and behind him. The Irish themselves will accept no party nor personal label. They are not Liberals and they are not Gladstonians. They are Irish. It is not to be supposed that the two wings—Parnellite and anti-Parnellite—which are just emerging from the fires of a hot contest, will act cordially together. Each will act with reference to what it believes to be the interests of Ireland. The beliefs of the two sections are considerably diverged. Neither can afford to be outbid by the other. Supposing they agree, there remain other elements of the majority to be considered."

Mr. Smalley may be more or less right in his other prognostications, but THE CITIZEN thinks he will find himself mistaken as regards the relations of the Parnellite and anti-Parnellite wings of the Irish party in the House of Commons. The leader being dead and gone, the Parnellites cannot be forever holding a wake over the buried chief, however sincerely they may deplore his loss, and the anti-Parnellites certainly can have no object in pursuing him beyond the grave. Thus, for lack of fuel, the fires of faction must speedily die out. John Redmond comes too soon after the Messiah of Home Rule, and, although he is talented, he can never hope to hold the broad place in Irish estimation that his old leader once held. Justin McCarthy is, by nature, mild and prone to good fellowship. The dressing down Tim Healy's majority received will do that brilliant barge a vast amount of good, and Michael Davitt will be so busily engaged in answering his critics in regard to the conflicting oaths he has taken, and must take, against and for the Widow Wettin, that he won't have much time left for aught else.

For so, alas, the fates would have it
Both "Rob" and "Jingo" blend in Davitt;
Thy hardest cheek thoul't need, old boy, all
When first thou seekest to be "loyal."
Remember all the oaths you swore,
Above, below, behind, before,
"While water ran or grass grew green
Thou ne'er would'st bow to England's queen!"
And now, at bidding of old Nick,
Thoul't kiss the withered hand of Vic;
When such a sight old Satan sees
Hell will ring loud with melodies;

Pitt will arise to comfort North,
Keogh from his "sweatbox" will come forth,
Sadlier will "walk" on Hampstead Heath,
And all the 'Blass Band" wake from death;
Wrecked Irish hearts afresh will rue
Thy broken faith, O'Donoghue!
Each fallen idol they'll array
From Dermot down to Castlereagh;
But all their ghosts can't shock them like
One fleeting glimpse of 'Loyal Mike!"

THE NEW ENGLAND SULLIVANS

The Scotch-Irish myth has found another upholder in Mr. Douglas Campbell, of New York, whose name sufficiently indicates his origin. Mr. Campbell goes so far as to claim General Sullivan, of New Hampshire, as one of the hybrid race; whereupon John F. Finerty, of THE CITIZEN, of Chicago, comments:

"Mr. Campbell must be very ignorant of Irish tribal history if, like other writers who ought to be better informed, he insists on calling General John Sullivan a Scotch-Irishman. If he does not call him so from ignorance, then he must do it out of malice. The name Sullivan, or O'Sullivan, is no more Scotch than that of Sheridan or O'Sheridan, Mulligan or Maloney. Many other persons comprehended by Mr Campbell's description as Scotch-Irish did not have a drop of Scotch blood in them. Absurdities generally take in this country as well as in England. The 'Anglo Saxon' has become a fad in English history, and the 'Scotch-Irish' equally in American. The people so described are, in the racial sense, mythical. Does an Irish shamrock transplanted to Scotland, and afterwards re-transplanted to the mother soil, become a thistle? Then how can Scotland, peopled originally by Ireland, propagate a hybrid race, or transform one kind of blood into another? Sullivan Scotch-Irish! Writers like Campbell will soon be claiming that Daniel O'Connell belonged to that tribe also.

"Mr. Finerty is, as usual, correct on the question of Irish American history. As a matter of fact and record, we may add that the New Hampshire Sullivans were of purest Irish origin, without a drop of Scotch blood. One of the lineal descendants of the family, who is now living in Boston, is the admirable story writer, poet and play wright, Mr. T. Russell Sullivan, who is justly proud of his ancestry and not complimented by having it ascribed to any mongrel root."—*Boston Pilot, July 16*

A BLUNDER AND A CRIME.

The action of the National House of Representatives in voting down the Senate's appropriation of $5,000,000 in aid of the World's Fair has smitten the country like an electric shock. Most people could hardly believe their eyes when they read the vote in detail on Wednesday morning—123 against, 110 for, and over 120 absentees! This is certainly a style of legislation that will not tend to give the American people confidence in an overwhelming party majority in the House. The more nearly equal in strength the two great parties of the country are, the better, as a rule, for the interests of the Republic. Partisanship aside, however, the vote of the House against the appropriation on Tuesday was both a blunder and a crime. The crime was committed not against Chicago, which can afford to despise such unmanly conduct, but against the Nation whose honor has been pledged only to be violated. There is hope yet of conference and reconsideration, but THE CITIZEN fears it is only a rotten reed.

FATHER PETER MURPHY, OF BODYKE.

THE CITIZEN has received a letter from the Rev. Peter Murphy, P.P., of Bodyke, county Clare, in which the reverend gentleman states that he has undertaken the task of building a much needed church in one of the parishes under his charge. Father Murphy used to be curate of Tomplederry parish, county Tipperary, under the famous "rebel" priest, Rev. Father John Kenyon, when the editor of THE CITIZEN was a boy. He was a quiet, studious young man at that time, and did not take the active interest in public affairs which he afterward did, although his sympathies were with the national movement. Since he became parish priest of Bodyke, Father Murthy has been a strong champion of the people, and at the battle of that place, in June, 1880, he came near being shot by a constable. He has made many sacrifices for his parishioners, and his fight against landlord tyranny has been well sustained, manly and vigorous. As a general thing, THE CITIZEN thinks that Irish Catholics in America have quite enough to do to build and maintain churches of their own, but Father Murphy's case is exceptional. People are leaving Ireland so fast at present that we cannot understand why so much new church room is required. If the population of Ireland were increasing in its natural proportion, we could easily understand it. Men recently from the old country have informed us that most of the churches, or "chapels," as we used to call them, are half empty. But, if any congregation in Ireland is without a roof over its head, and especially a patriotic one, like that of Father Murphy, THE CITIZEN favors helping them out generously. Father Peter Murphy, of Bodyke, is well known in this city and throughout America, and any Irish Catholics who desire to aid him in his good work should lose no time in sending their drafts to his address.

IS THE CHICAGO CITY RAILWAY COMPANY A KNOWNOTHING LODGE?

THE CITIZEN has received several communications which charge the Chicago City Railway Company with discriminating against Catholics, particularly Irishmen. If the officers of the Chicago City Railway Company have formed themselves into a Knownothing lodge, the sooner the public is made acquainted with the facts in the case the better. The Catholic nickel is just as good as the Protestant, the Hebrew, or the heathen coin, and the Chicago City Railway Company will soon have plenty of competitors who will not stoop to ask the religion or previous nationality of respectable men seeking honest employment. The only way to squelch bigots is to squeeze their pockets. They are always tender in such parts. THE CITIZEN will give more attention to this subject in the future, if the dastardly policy attributed to the Chicago City Railway Company is further pursued. This paper is the enemy of all bigots, whether they are Catholics, Protestants, Muggletonians or nothing in particular.

A BENEVOLENT BRITISH ASS.

The Benevolent British Ass has appeared again in the person of one Sir Edward Watkin, Liberal-Unionist, member elect for Hythe and chairman of the South-eastern Railway Company. Hear him bray! He proposes "a settlement of the Irish question by a compromise between Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury and the construction of a ship canal across Ireland and a tunnel connecting Ireland and Scotland. The construction of a ship canal would place Ireland on the shortest sea route to all the great west and to the east by way of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The construction of the ship canal and the tunnel would restore prosperity to Ireland by affording work for thousands of men and by the impetus that would be added to her present commercial industries and the creation of new ones."

The B B A., however, has method in his noise. A ship canal through Ireland would shorten the route to Liverpool by about 500 miles, and the people of the central portions of the island, say from Galway to Dublin, would be edified by the spectacle of British ships bearing American and Irish produce, to be consumed in England, sailing by the route of the Grand Canal and the Bog of Allen. Ireland could no more profit by such a policy than a hungry man could grease his lips by licking the outside of a jar of butter. None but a British ass of asses would put forward such a scheme as a substitute for an Irish parliament, which would concern itself about Irish, not English, commerce. As for the employment the building of a ship canal would give—even were the scheme a practicable one—that would only serve to remind the Irish people of the road making during the famine years, when a swarm of greedy English officials squandered the miserable amount of money appropriated by the niggardly British parliament, out of Irish plunder, for Irish "relief." The same thing would happen again. The tunnel project is equally impracticable. Sir Watkin must be something of a knave as well as an animal. We dub him the Supreme Arch Ass of the British Parliament. Ahe-ze-sze-she-she-the-ze-sh!

MR P. M. CORDON, a leading Irish-American merchant of Ottawa, Ill., was in the city during the week for the purpose of arranging for Mr. Finerty's lecture to be delivered in his city next Monday evening.

GLADSTONE has a net majority of forty-two in the new British House of Commons, including the nine Parnellites and the seven Liberites, who may, occasionally, make a healthy kick for the good of the common cause. It is, perhaps, just as well that the Grand Old Man should have a little friendly censorship applied to him occasionally.

ON Thursday evening, July 28, the eloquent Father J. J. Greene, of the Church of St. Rose of Lima, will deliver a lecture on "Ireland's Martyrs—Her Plea for Liberty"—for the benefit of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund, at the Nativity Parish Hall, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue. Three Divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians have the arranging of the entertainment.

THE beautiful inconsistencies of the London *Forger* are enough to make a dyspeptic laugh. The *Times* (English) of Monday says: "The election of Mr. Clancy by more than a thousand votes over his sacerdotal competitor completes the rout of the clericals in Archbishop Walsh's county. The Irish there have shown plainly that they are not clerical, and will not be ruled by clerics. Saturday was a day full of encouragement for the Unionists. Had the results then obtained been gained earlier in the struggle we would probably have a different account to give of the issue of the entire campaign." Thus, in one breath, the Irish are complimented on being enemies of clerical rule, and, in the next, the complimenter says the day was "full of encouragement" to the Tories who would keep so intelligent a people in perpetual slavery! Oh, Lord!

JOHN F. FINERTY will lecture at Sherwood's Opera House, Ottawa, Ill., next Monday evening, under the auspices and for the benefit of the Western Catholic Union. His subject will be "The Heroic in Irish History."

THE late Cyrus W. Field started in life as a good man, and his genius made him an honor to his country. But English flattery turned his head, and he became a raving Anglomaniac, and lived and died one. His erection of a monument to the English spy, Andre, hanged at Tarrytown, N. Y., was the indecent act of a lunatic. American opinion on the subject was sufficiently revealed by the fact that it was speedily blown up, and, although the zealous Field offered a large reward for the perpetrators, they could not be discovered. It is, perhaps, needless to say that the monument was not rebuilt.

JAMES JEFFERY ROCHE, Patrick Donahoe's brilliant lieutenant on the Boston *Pilot*, is fast winning a place in literature that bids fair to rival, if not surpass, that won by Ireland's gifted and lamented son, John Boyle O'Reilly. THE CITIZEN is proud of the genius of this young poet, as it is of the ability of every son and daughter of the Irish race, no matter of what creed, party or previous condition.

TIM HEALY and Michael Davitt were elected by their dental epidermis only.

SIR CHARLES DILKE, driven for a period from public life on account of alleged crimes at which even the King of Siam might stand abashed, has been elected by an overwhelming majority in the English electoral division of the Forest of Dean. Poor Parnell did nothing that all English kings, and most English political leaders, have not done, yet his followers deposed him from leadership and drove him to the grave. Dilke bids fair to succeed Gladstone. Parnell is "withering now in the silent dust." Sensible England. Foolish Ireland. Herein lies history.

For the Mountains, and by the Seaside.

A drowsy August afternoon, the light shimmering through the dense leaves of the broad beech trees; a figure lying upon the grass holding in his hand a magazine—not too heavy—just heavy enough for easy holding—the *Cosmopolitan* for August; just the sort of reading for a midsummer afternoon—full of attractive illustrations; scenes and life in the far off Phillipine Islands, with an experience of an earthquake; photographs on the Atlantic Beach accompanying a charming sketch of Jersey's "Salt-Water Day," by Hamlin Garland; charming Spanish bits by the artist Chase; lovely vistas, and enticing groves, illustrating a California Farm Village, in which Col. Fitzsimmons describes the growth and development of a model community of fruit farms. Of the fiction, Henry James, "Jersey Villas" makes delightful midsummer reading and there is an old story of Southern Life, while Curiosities of Musical Literature will furnish a half-hour's entertainment for every lover of music. English high society is always an interesting subject when discussed by one who is of it, and knows it thoroughly, Henry Arthur Herbert, of Mucross, formerly an Officer of the Guards and an M. P., gives in an entertaining way the cause of the revolution which has taken place in the society of London during the past thirty years. Even Murat Halstead's description of the Convention at Minneapolis is breezy and bright, and the beautiful photographs which illustrate an article on Bridges and Bridge Building would attract a very unscientific reader. The one heavy article of the number is that of the famous English writer on Evolution, St. George Mivart. It is a part of the discussion in which he seeks to harmonize the principles of Evolution with the doctrines of Christianity—one of the most important series of papers ever produced in a magazine, and attracting the widest attention among religious and scientific minds, both in England and this country.

It Is Not What We Say

But what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that makes it sell, and has given it such a firm and lasting hold upon the confidence of the people.

For a dinner pill and general family cathartic we confidently recommend **Hood's Pills.**

Two Daily Trains to Montana and Pacific Coast.

On and after April 3 the Northern Pacific railroad will run two daily trains to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, leaving St. Paul at 9 a. m. and 4:15 p. m., respectively, with complete equipment of Pullman first-class sleepers, tourist sleeping cars, free colonist sleepers, day coaches and dining cars.

Through Pullman and tourist sleeping cars will leave Chicago 10:45 p. m. daily, via Wisconsin Central line, for Montana and the Pacific Northwest. First-class vestibule sleeper will leave Chicago 6 p. m. daily, via C., M. & St. P. Ry. for Butte, Spokane, Tacoma and Portland.

Montana, Eastern and Western Washington Folders, "Wonderland" Book, Sportsmen's Guide, Yellowstone Park, Broadwater, Hot Springs and Alaska Folders for the season of 1892, are now out of press. Any of these publications will be mailed free on application to general or district passenger agents, Northern Pacific railroad, or to Chas. S Fee, G. P & T. A. N P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is unquestionably the best preservative of the hair. It is also curative of dandruff, tetter, and all scalp affections.

AN IRISH HEROINE.

Miss Maud Gonne, a Young Aristocrat, Born Near the Lakes of Killarney, Fighting Ireland's Battle for Liberty In France.

A French Journal Describes Her as Being Both Beautiful and Eloquent.

Miss Maud Gonne, a beautiful Irish Home Ruler, is now making a tour of France. Her purpose is to pour into the ear of France a recital of Ireland's wrongs. She has made a beginning with the French, and she means to go through every country on the continent. She is an accomplished linguist. She is young and fervidly earnest and her views on the Irish question are so strong and thorough that they have won for her a high place in the favor of the Irish Nationalists.

This picturesque advocate of the Irish cause is the daughter of an officer in the British army, who is now dead. Her father belonged to an old Irish family, and he was known, in a quiet way, to be in sympathy with Irish aspirations for autonomy. Miss Gonne was born in 1866—so she is now only 26 years old—near the Gap of Dunloe.

Under the influence of the lovely scenery in which her girlhood was passed, Miss Gonne became passionately attached to Ireland. She was fond of listening to the stories of the peasantry about daring rebels who, in struggle after struggle against the oppressor, were often forced to seek shelter in the fastnesses of the Kerry mountains. There was not an outlaw's hiding place within miles that she did not know, and all these she regarded as sacred spots. She was sent to high school in England when she was in her tenth year. Then she received a thorough education. It was during a visit to Ireland in 1880 on one of her vacations, that she witnessed an incident which caused her to take the course she is now following.

The newspaper accounts of "campaign incidents" in rural districts in Ireland during the fierce fighting days of the Land League movement, before its power became recognized as a factor in British politics, contained of necessity but little of the details of numerous tragic scenes.

Within easy reach of the Gonne House is the beautiful region of Glengariff. Here on a little farm, close to the shore of Bantry Bay, lived Michael McGrath, his wife, sister and four children in 1880. The lord of the soil, Lord Bantry, wanted McGrath's little patch to let to a higher bidder. The rent was £48. To get rid of McGrath Lord Bantry raised the rent to £105. McGrath could not pay and the result was his eviction.

McGrath had built the dwelling-house himself. Parnell's new watchword had spread through Ireland—"Keep a firm grip on your homesteads." McGrath barricaded the doors and made a brave effort to put in practice Parnell's advice. He stood the siege for five days, throwing boiling water on the evicting force when ever it approached the house. On the sixth day his supplies gave out and he was forced by famine to capitulate.

But the struggle was not yet over. McGrath went back to his farm. For this he was sent back to jail. Then his wife took possession and she, too, was sentenced to imprisonment. Next his sister and his eldest daughter, for returning to the old homestead were put in prison. Three times was this repeated—three times the four McGraths were incarcerated. At length Lord Bantry levelled the McGrath home.

McGrath was not to be beaten. He was half farmer and half fisherman. He owned a fishing boat, which his neighbors helped him to bring from the Bantry Bay to the roadside near the spot where his home had been. The boat was turned bottom up, the sails were used as walls, and in this queer shelter McGrath with his family "kept a firm grip of his holding." The Land League made a hero of McGrath, and gave him financial support in the fight against Lord Bantry. But poor McGrath, at the end of a month after he made a house of his boat, caught typhus fever and died. Under the boat he was waked.

It was when returning home from Glengariff on a bleak October evening in 1880, that Miss Maud Gonne came across the wake. She saw McGrath's sniveling family, and she saw his dead face, wet with the rain that the wind blew in. She learned the whole sad story. The ghastliness of the sight sickened the young girl—she was then only fourteen—and for several weeks she was unable to leave her room. When she got well she told her father that she had made a vow to "do something for Ireland yet."

In 1886 Miss Gonne's father died—her mother had died when she was a baby. The young lady found herself inheritor of a snug fortune, and she traveled with a cousin through Europe.

This was at a time when everything was looking bright for Ireland. Parnell was at the height of his power and Gladstone had become a convert to the policy of the man whom he had imprisoned for his advocacy of that same policy a few years before. But Balfour's reign of terror followed.

When Miss Gonne went to Ireland. She received Donegal in October, 1889. The scenes she witnessed fixed her course. She started a relief fund and spent her own money lavishly in relieving the distress that followed evictions and imprisonments. When the split came in the Home Rule ranks over the leadership, Miss Gonne wrote several stirring articles in the Irish and English papers urging the Irish to stand by the old leader. As the discussion grew she left Ireland and began the crusade in which she is now engaged.

Here is what *La Petite Gironde*, Bordeaux journal, has to say of Ireland's fair leader: "A brow crowned by a halo of golden hair; large eyes which are now filled with indignation, now bathed in tears of pity; a graceful, slender and surple figure; the gestures large and noble; the whole appearance stamped with a character of supreme elegance—such is Miss Maud Gonne. Miss Gonne has made it her mission to gain the attention of France, and, through France, of Europe, for her tale of Ireland's sufferings and wrongs. Her patriotic efforts have been crowned with success, attended by large subscriptions to a fund for the relief of Irish distress. Men of the highest rank in literature and politics—authors, deputies and ministers—have appeared on her platforms, and everywhere she has been received with unbounded enthusiasm.

"Speaking the purest French, in a voice which commands every note of passion and of tenderness, Miss Gonne delivered a discourse on her country's history which held a great audience spellbound. Miss Gonne possesses true oratorical instinct—she knows at once how to inform and to persuade. Each great epoch of Ireland's history is summarized in a few brilliant and clear cut sentences, which sometimes glow with passion as she recounts the more tragic episodes of that unhappy story."

After completing her tour of Europe, it is said to be Miss Gonne's intention to lecture in the United States in support of the Irish cause.—*New York World*.

VIEWS OF "A MODERATE MAN."

(To the Editor.)

In the last issue of THE CITIZEN, you ask the important question, "If Gladstone should fail, what?" The election returns are now in, and the Gladstonian majority consists entirely of Irish members. It was not thus in 1885. The majority would have been larger in England and Ireland but for Gladstone's blunder in meddling with the choice of the Irish leader. The Tories have gained five seats in Ireland. It is ludicrous to hear the Healyites complaining of their defeats in Ulster through Parnellite abstensions, when they fought the lord mayor in Dublin and caused the loss of that seat. Now that the Home Rulers have so small a majority, it is a matter of congratulation that there are nine Independents, or Parnellites, left to criticise the bill and insist on a workable measure. We know how Parnell would have used such an opportunity as this.

Salisbury may not resign before Aug 4. In that case he must be removed by an early vote of want of confidence. He then might insist on another dissolution. It is hard to say how a second general election would eventuate.

The question of what the house of lords will do is of no consequence yet. The important thing is what the commons will do. If the Home Rule bill be brief and founded on general principles of equity it will appeal strongly to the English people and may readily pass. If it be lengthy and complicated, it is doomed, and the ministry with it. It would, therefore, be better to have a short bill than a complete one.

The Irish people should, in the first section, be empowered to elect representatives to a national convention which would draw up an organic law, or constitution, for Ireland; which, when sanctioned by parliament, would become operative and legal.

The second section should prescribe the method of holding the election of delegates, the franchise of voters (same as parliamentary) and the place where the convention should meet.

The third section should provide funds for the expenses of the election and convention.

The fourth section should provide that the business of the imperial parliament shall be divided into imperial and local: that there shall be distinct sessions for dealing with each; that the imperial business shall be transacted in the spring and summer, and the local session be held in the autumn; that the Irish members shall attend the imperial session, but shall not attend the local session.

The fifth and last section should declare that if the majority of the representatives of England, London, Scotland or Wales should demand a local government for their divisions similar to that sanctioned for Ireland, a similar procedure regarding the election of a convention and formulation of an organization shall be allowed.

The preamble should set forth that the Act of Union guaranteed to the Irish equal treatment and an identical constitution with the British. That this guarantee has never yet been fulfilled. That it should now be made effective. That the union should remain indissoluble and the imperial parliament supreme. But that Ireland should no longer be ruled like a crown colony and the ascendancy of a minority be maintained. That the financial contributions of Ireland to the empire should be equitably readjusted. That the same amount of self government and liberty of speech, of the press, and of association should prevail in Ireland as in Great Britain. And that the judiciary of Ireland should be responsible to the public opinion of Ireland.

We do not want a re-hash of the 1886 bill. Parnell would not have accepted it only that the Liberals were in a majority over both Tories and Irish.

W.

July 19, 1892

BIGOTS BLISTERED

By the Eloquent Tongue of Miss Kate Ryan, of South Omaha, Neb., Who was Dropped from the List of Public School Teache s Because She is a Catholic.

(To the Editor.)

SOUTH OMAHA, Neb, July 15.—At the session of the Board of Education on last Wednesday night at the proper time Miss Kate Ryan, of South Omaha, a former teacher in the Brown Park schools, who was ignored by the board on account of being a Catholic, when the list of teachers for 1893 was made up, stepped forward and asked permission to say a few words. President Cheek gave her permission, and she said: "I came here personally tonight, gentlemen of the Board of Education, to ask you a plain question to which I trust you will give me a plain answer. A few days ago this body met and elected the teachers for the ensuing year. When I read in the paper the proceedings and saw that my name had been omitted, I was nonplussed at first. Then I thought perhaps a mistake had been made. Later one of the teachers came to me and told me that I had been ignored on purpose. Now, gentlemen, I am face to face with you, and I ask you why you ignored me? You tremble. Truth makes a man a coward when he has to face it, does it not? I am an old citizen, still you ignored me. Why? I have taught in your public schools and given satisfaction. My education is a finished one, as Prof. Munroe sitting there will tell you. (Prof. Munroe said such was the fact.) My scholars, everyone of them, loved me, and I loved them. Prof. Munroe will tell you, gentlemen, that I advanced my classes more than any other teacher of South Omaha. Then why should I not be retained? I am told if I had gone to the members of the board and electioneered with each for an hour I might have been retained. Gentlemen, this I could not do. I presumed you were an honorable body of men, and I would not thus insult you. I hear o her teachers did this, I could not. You know of my work, and I am proud of my record as a teacher. No teacher in your schools is my peer and few are my equals. The professor will tell you this is the truth. Still, you voted against me. Is there one in this honorable body of men who is man enough to say he voted against me?"

Then she waited in a graceful poise. Finally Secretary Tunston said: "I voted against you, Miss Ryan, but the reason is known only to myself."

"Thank you, Mr. Tunston," said the speaker. "I am glad to find one gentleman among you who is not afraid to tell the truth. Is there another man among you who will speak? Are you cowards? Why do you tremble so when face to face with the woman you have ignored!"

At this point James Jones and W. P. Cheek could stand the scathing fire no longer and acknowledged that they, too, had voted against her. The rest were silent as the grave. While she waited, the clock could have been heard ticking its sombre sound, still no answer. Continuing, the brainy Miss Ryan said, "So there are three of you who will acknowledge the truth. An honest confession is always good for the soul. Now, gentlemen, will you tell me why you voted against me? No, I see you will not, but I will tell you why. I am a Catholic. That explains it all. Yes, I am an Irish Catholic and am proud of it. But, gentlemen, I never attempted to bring my religion into my school work, and never did. I have always tried to inculcate in the minds of my scholars the things that were right. I have corrected my pupils when they did wrong. Would you have it otherwise? No fault has ever been found with my work but I am guilty of being a Catholic girl, and that was enough to condemn me with you. Above your heads on the wall hangs the dear old Stars and Stripes, that I love better than my life. They give forth the glad news of freedom for all mankind. Yet, sitting in its shadow, you condemn me because my belief is different from yours. How proud I was the day you came to my school at South Omaha and raised the dear old flag over the place of my labors. Well, I remember that night when retiring I knelt by my bedside and prayed God to bless you for your wisdom and forethought in thus helping to educate the young mind, and fire it with a patriotic zeal that will live till death. The next time I meet you it is beneath the same old flag. I meet you to demand justice. Yet while breezes from without lift the folds that gently wave over your heads, you cast me aside and say in your cowardly and un-American heart, 'She is not fit to teach in our schools. She is a Catholic girl. Shame on you.'" Yours sincerely.

JOE DOUGHERTY

The value of a good name was well exemplified the other day, when a man asked one of our druggists for a bottle of Sarsaparilla. "Whose?" inquired the clerk. Whose? why, Ayer's, of course. Ye don't suppose I'm going to run any risks with Hannah, do ye?"

OBITUARY.

MR. DANIEL WALSH.

Mr. Daniel Walsh, a member of the Clan na Gael Guards of this city, and a native of Kilrush, county Clare, died of typhoid fever, at the residence of Mr. Mr. M. W. Williams, on Saturday. He had been but four years from his native place in Ireland, and had been in perfect health up to the day of his seizure. He was of an amiable, jovial disposition, and was a great favorite. The funeral occurred from Mr. Williams' house to St. Bridget's church, where high mass of requiem was celebrated. The Clan-na-Gael Guards, commanded by Capt. Buckley, escorted the remains to Mount Olivet cemetery, where they were interred.

A Choice List of Summer Resorts.

In the Lake regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and the two Dakotas, there are hundreds of charming localities pre-eminently fitted for summer homes. Among the following selected list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest roads in the northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and Milwaukee & Northern Railroad: Oconomowoc, Minocqua, Waukesha, Palmyra, Tomahawk Lakes, Lakeside Kilbourn City (Dells of the Wisconsin), Beaver Dam, Madison, Delavan, Sparta, Pewaukee, Wausaukee, and Elkhart Lake, Wis.; Clear Lake, Lakes Okobojt and Spirit Lake, Ia.; Marquette, Ontonagon and Escanaw, Mich.; Frontenac, Lake Minnetonka, Ortonville, Prior Lake and White Bear Lake, Minn.; Lake Madison and Big Stone Lake, S. Dakota.

For detailed information, apply to any coupon ticket agent, or send stamp for a free illustrated tourist folder, to GEORGE H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these states a centre of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the states, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington" just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

The Midsummer Holiday *Century* will contain a number of complete stories, including "The Philosophy of Relative Existences," a ghost story which is said to reverse some of the old traditions, by Frank R Stockton, and "The Colonel's Last Campaign," by the author of "Mr. Cutting, the Night Editor," and with illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson.

THE MARTYR'S WIDOW.

Appeal Issued by a Committee of the A O H to Enlist the Aid of the Patriotic in Behalf of Mrs. Daniel Curley and Her Children.

A Great Effort to be Made to Provide Them With a Home.

FELLOW CITIZENS: On May 11, 1883, Daniel Curley was executed in Dublin for alleged complicity in the Phœnix Park tragedy.

It was on the eve of the ninth anniversary of his execution that a refined and delicate lady called at a pastoral residence in Chicago to have a mass offered up for the deceased patriot the following morning. An accidental question revealed to the priest that his visitor was the wife of the unfortunate Daniel Curley and that she and her two bright and innocent boys were homeless in Chicago—that she was struggling against great odds to provide the necessaries of life for herself and her children. The good priest was astonished at the negligence of the Irish people in failing to make suitable provision for this family, which the patriotism and honor of the husband and father had left without a protector. He consulted some friends about the possibility of providing Mrs. Curley and her family with a comfortable home. One of the oldest and most respected priests in Chicago suggested that the matter be laid before the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The suggestion was acted on, with the result that this body, so well known for their patriotism, unanimously resolved to take charge of the matter, and accordingly an executive committee was appointed, consisting of the presidents of the different divisions under its jurisdiction, to devise ways and means of raising funds to carry out this deserving and laudable work.

At a full meeting of this executive committee the undersigned were instructed to issue this appeal to enlist the sympathy and the co-operation not only of the Hibernians of Cook County but of the whole Irish race.

When Daniel Curley was condemned on the testimony of the informer Carey, he was offered a large amount of British gold and his liberty provided he gave evidence to implicate others. The last two hours of his life were given him to consider the proposition, but he spurned the offer and accepted death on the scaffold rather than leave a dishonored name to his country and wife and children.

When Daniel Curley voluntarily accepted death for a principle—a principle, as he believed, of Irish nationality—his family became the wards of the Irish race, and it can be attributed only to lack of organized effort that so far our race has not done its duty in this case.

In the name, then, of that justice due Mrs. Curley and her children, in the name of the long list of patriots who have sacrificed life and liberty for the principles of Irish nationality, we appeal to the Irish race in Chicago and elsewhere to come forward in their generosity and help this noble undertaking.

All subscriptions will be duly acknowledged by the treasurer of the fund, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill., and will be published in THE CITIZEN.

LAWRENCE HENELY,
P. B. FLANNIGAN,
P. O'SULLIVAN,
P. DEVER,
} Com.

MRS. CURLEY HOMESTEAD FUND.

The treasurer of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund acknowledges the following subscriptions:

Rev. J. M. Cartan, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue	$50 00
H. R. Eagle & Co., 66 Wabash avenue	50 00
Rev. J. J. Greene, St. Rose of Lima, Forty-eighth street and Ashland avenue	20 00
Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue	20 00
John Doody, No. 1201 Stone avenue, Town of Lake	10 00
Rev. Thomas Smith, Belvidere, Ill.	10 00
James Maguire, Claremont, Ia.	1 00
John Crowe "	1 00
James Sherman, 38 Brighton-st., Boston	2 00
John Crowley 3718 South Halsted-st.	10 00
Officer John T. Sullivan, 997 Thirty-fourth court	1 00
Patrick Cronin, 3707 South Halsted-st.	2 00

All checks and orders should be made payable to the treasurer, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill.

CLERMONT, Ia., July 11.—*Father O'Sullivan—Rev and Dear Sir:* Having read your noble and generous appeal for the family of one of our martyrs, and that appeal having the endorsement of the *Irish World* and the Chicago CITIZEN, we send you $1 each ($2 in all). Thanking the A. O. H. for their timely aid to Mrs. Daniel Curley, also thanking you, reverend sir, for your services to our cause, as we claim it should be every Irishman's cause, we remain yours truly,

JAMES MAGUIRE,
JOHN CROWE

BOSTON Mass., July 8.—*Father O'Sullivan, Rev Sir:* I write this note to inform you that I have forwarded to you on this date the sum of $2 for the widow of the patriot, Daniel Curley. Yours truly,

JAMES SHERMAN.
38 Brighton street

IRISH NEWS.

On Thursday of last week the first train on the South Clare railway was run from Miltown to Kilrush. People congregated along the line and cheered the train as it passed.

Count Emmanuel MacMahon, third son of Marshal MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, ex President of the French Republic, arrived at Queenstown last week, accompanied by the Countess MacMahon. The count has been recently married, and with his bride is making a wedding tour through Ireland.

The Queen's Bench has decided that the Bankruptcy court has no jurisdiction to commit for unsatisfactory answering a witness examined in arrangement matter, and directed the issue of a *habeas corpus* for the release from the Castlebar jail of a man named Cunningham committed under such circumstances.

On Sunday morning Mr. Patrick Jennings, of Newry, died from the effects of the accidental discharge of a revolver which he was examining. The weapon had been lent by Mr. Jennings to a friend, and he was cleaning or examining it on its return, when it went off, and the bullet took effect in his brain. After lingering some hours the wound proved mortal.

From the provincial summary for Connaught, just issued by the census commissioners, it appears that the population (724 774) had decreased in the preceding ten years by 11 8 per cent. The percentage of those who can read and write had risen from 41 5 to 55 4; that of those who can read only had declined from 13 1 to 9 7 and that of the totally illiterate from 45 4 to 34 9; but allowance for children under 5 years of age leaves the real percentage in this class only 27 4. 23 920 marriages 172 574 births, 101 159 deaths, and 161,219 emigrations occurred within the decade.

The Cork *Herald* says: At the nomination in Waterford of Messrs. Sheehy and Redmond, Fr. Flynn, P. P., while signing a check for £100 on behalf of Mr. Sheehy for sheriff's expenses, Bryan Cunningham, Redmond's proposer, addressing him, threatened to go for him, when the sheriff had him removed. Several employees of the Waterford *Star* have been threatened, insulted and beaten with sticks. Two citizens have been already anointed.

The drawing of prizes for the completion of Aherlow new church, which was announced to take place on the 29 h inst., has been postponed by the committee to the 15 h of August, in order to afford several friends in America and elsewhere sufficient time to return duplicates.

The *Morning Star*, Launceston, Tasmania, reprints the following paragraph from the Melbourne *Table Talk*: "The Rev. Father Anderson, who is collecting money in Australia for the erection of an Irish National church at Rome, is not in Sandhurst, as reported in some of the newspapers, but in Melbourne. The archbishop of Hobart, the archbishop of Wellington and Dr. Crane, the bishop of Sandhurst, have already authorized him to collect subscriptions in their dioceses. The name of Dr. O'Reilly, the bishop of Port Augusta, appears on the subscription list, and the Rev. Father Anderson will not leave Australia until his mission is accomplished or he is recalled by his superior."

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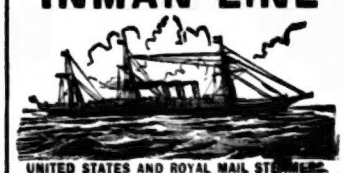
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AN ATTIC POET.

He lived in what we call the golden time,
When Athens, violet crowned, was in her prime;
When her stern warships split the sky hued seas,
And wallowing in their wakes huge argosies
Brought in the grain and stuffs of all the East
To where the marbled city made her feast.
The echoes of bronze Marathon yet rang,
And to their time great hearted lives still sang.
Around him men were born and lived and throve
Whose words and gestures Sophokles enwove
For the live flesh wherein his hand arrayed
The gods and heroes whom his soul had made
He brushed against veiled women on the streets
Whose secret speech of smothered grief yet greets
The world's great souls whenever any lend
A hearkening ear to him who was the friend
Of those same smileless widows overseas,
Great hearted, mirthless, cowed Euripides.
He ate and drank and slept through the same days
That saw his city's one still gleaming blaze;
And he wrote ditties of his own dry heart,
Of its small pettiness and bloodless smart.
With Aristophanes he laughed at all
The great, but in his laughter thought them small.
The days were gone, he said, when heroes reft
Undying fame from fate; not much was left
For latter generations to achieve.
What bygone peoples had seen fit to leave
Undone might still be done; but was it worth
The effort? Was there true reward on earth?
All the great poets long were dead and gone;
It was broad day now, and the fresh, cool dawn
Of human feeling had been left behind
Long since; a paler laurel leaf entwined
Still on some favored brows, but thin and sere.
Poetry had all been written, and its year
Turned after harvest to its wintry chime.
And thus he wrote and talked. In after time
We do not speak of him to praise or blame.
He is forgotten, even to his name.

—Edward Lucas White in Atlantic

LIEUTENANT LAKE.

It was known all over the post within half an hour after the occurrence. Officers, soldiers, civilians, servants, troop laundresses, even the Apaches in the camp down the river, I fancy, knew all about it, the general verdict being that it was a shame—that the colonel ought to let him off, and that he was the finest fellow in the world, anyway. It was a singular thing that two such popular men as Jack Lake of dear old —th cavalry and the lieutenant colonel of that same regiment, familiarly known (behind his back) as the "old man," but drawing his pay under the name and title of Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Brown, should not be able to get along together.

Both of them were adored by the officers and men of the regiment, and (shall I say it?) by a good many of the women. The one was a rollicking young lieutenant—tall, handsome, talented and brave to recklessness, just as a cavalry lieutenant should be. The other was one's beau ideal of a field officer of cavalry, still a strong, hearty man, although he had seen much hard service during the war and on the plains; a man who never shirked a duty and, what was more, never permitted any one else to; a hard worker and a just, though severe, post commander. In a word, the kind of a man the authorities usually sent to dangerous posts—and such a post was Apache.

It had all come about some years before at West Point. Lake had been a cadet at the Military academy while Colonel Brown was the commander of cadets, and the elder man had, to use a little West Point slang, "got the equation" of the younger man "down fine." In other words, he had "sized him up" and concluded, rather rashly it must be admitted, that Lake was utterly worthless except for the purpose of raising the dickens whenever he so desired. This, it must be admitted, he can do to perfection. It was not Lake's fault, however, that they could not get along together. Oh, no! Lake could get along with any one, and he could not see for the life of him why the colonel did not enjoy his pranks just as much as he and apparently every one else did. But the colonel did not, and the result was that Lake was undergoing punishment most of the time he was a cadet at the academy.

Well, when a superior officer in the army dislikes an inferior officer it is usually very disagreeable for the inferior officer. And it is probable that Lake suffered a good deal more than the commandant. But he never complained and never tried to reform.

Perhaps he relied on entirely different tactics. It was said that Lake was really in love with the colonel's daughter. It was not improbable. Most of the cadets were. Indeed, few who had ever met Miss Hyacinth Brown were not in love with her. But she was a queer girl. (Poor girl! she had been a half orphan from her early girlhood—and perhaps she inherited some of the obstinacy of her father.) Strange as it may seem, she loved this same scapegrace, Lake.

It is more than probable that the discovery of this fact, coupled with what he knew of the youngster's character (or thought he knew), was but added fuel to the fire. It was hard to tell, though, for the colonel had always been hard on Lake—and remained so. He did but one thing in regard to it. He forbade Lake's calling on his daughter, and he insisted that she leave him entirely alone. Well, every one knows more or less about human nature. The interference of the father merely made the young man more determined to make love to the daughter and the young lady but the more anxious to receive that love.

The young lieutenant made matters all the worse when he graduated and received his commission by voluntarily joining the cavalry regiment of which Hyacinth's father was the lieutenant colonel. Most youngsters would have hesitated at such a step. It is no agreeable thing to have a superior officer of one's own regiment down on one, but it was precisely Lake's style. If he were to join another regiment he might as well say goodby to the girl, and he hadn't the slightest intention of doing that. He loved her honestly, and that was all there was about. He intended to marry her if she intended to marry him—and, bless her soul, she did.

It was just Lake's luck to be assigned to a company that was stationed at a post commanded by the father of his sweetheart. Good luck he thought it, because it kept him in the power of his unreasoning enemy. Forbidden her father's house, constantly under her father's eyes, what could he see of her, anyway! Well, he was Lake, you know.

And he was put in arrest for what? For a very grave offense. Hyacinth's father was a man who would not have gone out of his way to do Lake an injury. On the contrary, if Lake had not always offered the occasion the colonel would have left him alone. Even the colonel recognized the youngster's good qualities.

There was that time in the Geronimo campaign when he made a ride on duty, unaccompanied, of eighty miles through hostile country in less than twenty hours. And there was the occasion when he risked his own life to save that of a wounded corporal in the fight down in the San Sanbane valley. His general efficiency in the field, his willingness to perform duty no matter how hard it was, were all in his favor. But when there was no serious duty to perform, when it was a mere matter of post duty or company discipline, Lake and the colonel could never agree. He was always breaking regulations and post orders himself, and always trying to shield men in his company from just punishment for doing the same thing. To be sure, there wasn't a man in his company who could not have been trusted, when it was a matter of necessity, around the world if need be, but discipline is discipline—and poor Lake could not get it through his head.

He was put in arrest because, with his usual impudence, he had entered the presence of the colonel one morning as he marched off duty as officer of the day and reported that he had not inspected the guard the preceding night between "midnight and broad daylight." Be it known that every officer of the day is required to perform this duty during these hours, and if he does not he is, as they say in the army, "on honor" to report himself for his failure to do so. So he did nothing more than was required of him; but he offered absolutely no explanation of his conduct, even after he was questioned by the colonel.

Arrest meant, with the colonel, charges and a court martial. They meant more than that. They meant sure punishment of a severe description. And so every one on the post but the colonel himself was severely grieved—but who knows but that the colonel himself was a trifle sorry?

Hyacinth's love for Lake was the only thing that had ever threatened the perfect love of father and daughter in the colonel's small household. He had never spoken to her about it. He merely guessed it. She had never told him. When he had forbidden Lake's calling on her he had informed his daughter of the fact, that was all. He did not believe she would ever see him again, but he did not warn her not to. How serious it all was to her he did not know. She was not the kind of girl to mope and cry. Indeed, she was too proud a girl to protest. The matter had simply been dropped by them during the remaining years at the academy and the few years at Apache, and whether even Lake himself still held on to the old attachment the colonel did not know. He supposed not. These things are easily forgotten by most men.

The colonel merely considered it unfortunate that Lake had joined his regiment and had been assigned to his post. He never dreamed that Lake had had anything to do with getting there and that the cause was Hyacinth and Lake's unforgotten love for her. The colonel presumed that the young people had often met in the small society of the post. Never had they met in his presence, though, for Lake always carefully avoided the colonel. It was a cut between them. Of course the youngster was too high strung to be refused admittance to a man's house and still keep up a speaking acquaintance with that man, even though he were his commanding officer. There were those in the regiment who said that if Lake would offer the opportunity the colonel would be glad to renew the amicable relations that had once existed between them, always, however, with the understanding that Lake was to consider his suit for Hyacinth's hand a thing of the past. When the matter was broached to Lake he gave a snort of disgust and refused to reply.

On the morning of the arrest Miss Hyacinth had a visitor of a class she did not often meet. He came to the back door and asked permission to see her in the kitchen. It was Sergeant Connor, of Lake's troop. He was one of the bravest and best noncommissioned officers in the regiment and was one of Lake's special favorites. He was a young Irishman, and like almost all Irishmen a splendid soldier in the field and a hard one to handle in the garrison. Lake had pulled him out of the fire many and many a time. He had been sergeant of the guard the previous day and had just had time to "march off," as they say when the old guard is relieved by the new guard, get over to his barracks, change his clothes and fix himself up a bit. He waited at the door of the kitchen for Miss Hyacinth to appear. She knew at once that something was wrong when notified of her unusual visitor. That it was something about Lake she did not doubt. She tried to be calm however. It does not do to let the men know too much about the private affairs of the families of the officers. They usually know it all, however, so it might save a good deal of trouble to notify them at once.

"You wish to see me?" said Hyacinth, trying to look unconcerned.

"Yes, miss," answered the young sergeant, looking painfully embarrassed.

"What is it—you are Sergeant Connor, I think."

"Yes, miss—and it's about Lieutenant Lake."

She blushed—she couldn't help it. She wanted to reproach the man for his intrusion, but she could not. It was an affair of Lake's." He was probably in trouble again, and she must know what the trouble was.

"Well," she continued, "what is the matter? It seems a little strange to me that you should come to see me about an affair of Lieutenant Lake's."

"I came because I thought you loved him," said the hot blooded young Irishman, unable to appreciate the girl's attempt at unconcern.

She did not answer, and he was about to move away, angry in earnest, when she said almost under her breath:

"What is it, sergeant?"

"He's in arrest, miss."

"In arrest?" she repeated. "What for! And who put him in arrest?

"The colonel, miss, put him in arrest this morning. He didn't inspect the guard last night, and it was all my fault, miss, and I want to help him out, and the only way I could do it was to come and give you this and ask you to read it and get the colonel to read it. I know it was all my fault, miss, and I supposed you would do everything you could for Lieutenant Lake. Most of us would."

He handed her a paper on which were written a few words in pencil. She recognized the sergeant's handwriting and she read it immediately. There was a little tear in her eye when she looked up to thank the sergeant, but he had gone. No one has a finer appreciation of delicacy than an Irish sergeant.

The colonel knew that the Lake affair had reached his daughter's ears the moment he entered the house that afternoon. He knew her temperament very well, and he did not expect that she would say anything about it. She was a very brave little girl, and she had never protested or complained against anything he had ever done. However, he knew that she had been crying—and her very silence on the subject, accustomed as he was to her nature and her ways, made him all the more uneasy. He had already come to the conclusion that Hyacinth had given Lake up forever. He knew now that he was wrong.

Dinner passed in silence. The colonel grew more uncomfortable every moment. He had done nothing but his duty in it all. He had done nothing but his duty when he told Lake to cease calling at his house. Lake was a young scapegrace and would sooner or later get into serious trouble. He was no man to make his daughter happy as her husband. And yet he was forced to admit that there was something about Lake that he himself was compelled to admire. And he knew that while Lake sometimes failed in his duty as a soldier he had never been known to fail in his duty as a man.

After supper the colonel tried to read his latest Kansas City paper. He found that it was utterly uninteresting. He tried to enjoy his evening cigar. The brand had suddenly become a worthless one. He wished that some of the officers would call on him. It seemed strange that none of them did. He wondered if they were all around at Lieutenant Lake's quarters trying to cheer up that young man, if indeed he needed it. His daughter was in the room. He turned to her almost petulantly and asked her why she was so silent. She rose from her seat and went to him. There is but one thing a daughter does to a father when she wants to get him to do something for her. She puts her arms around his neck and kisses him. This was what she did.

"I was just going to say something, papa. I want you to read this." She held before him a paper—the same that had been given her by Sergeant Connor. The colonel wiped his eyeglasses and read the following:

It is all my fault that Lieutenant Lake didn't inspect the guard last night. I am sure it was. He has helped me out before, and I am sure it was to shield me again that he staid away from the guard. I had been drinking, and he knew that I was under the influence of liquor when I marched on in charge. I was drinking all day too. He knew that if he inspected the guard he would have to put me in arrest and court martial me. That would mean dismissal and prison for me, while if he didn't inspect the guard the punishment would be a great deal lighter for him. I feel sure that this was the reason he didn't inspect the guard, for my sentinel on No. 1 told me that he was awake and watching the guard from his window all night. I want to stand the punishment myself, and I want to put Lieutenant Lake right with the colonel.

JAMES CONNOR,
Sergeant Troop E, —th United States Cavalry.

And Sergeant Connor carried his point, although he was not punished himself (it was said about the post that Sergeant Connor promised all sorts of reforms), and singularly enough a great change took place in the colonel at the same time and even a greater one in Lieutenant Lake himself, for it was not an hour after his release from arrest that Lieutenant Lake was making a long call on the colonel. The wife of the post adjutant happened to be passing the colonel's quarters as the two men were conversing on the piazza at the end of the call, and she was positive, she afterward said, that she heard the following fragment of conversation between them:

The Colonel—Well, my boy, you have waited a long time, and I suppose that your wishes and Hyacinth's should be respected in the matter. We will set the wedding for month after next.

The Lieutenant—Thank you, colonel.

The Colonel—And now that I have learned to like you, my boy, you in your turn must learn to like me.

The Lieutenant—I have always liked you, sir. You are the father of the girl I love, and the characteristics I love in her must also exist in you.—Winthrop Hall in Frank Leslie's.

Not in Harmony.

Little Dot—Mamma, I mus' have a new doll right away.

Mamma—What is the matter with the old one?

Little Dot—It's got some sewatches on its face, an it looks sorter shabby alongside of baby.—Good News.

Superb photographs of the night sky taken at Heidelberg represent a part of the Milky way and show distinctly stars of the fifteenth magnitude. One of them contains the trajectory of a shooting star.

MARRIAGE IN RUSSIA

CURIOUS CUSTOMS THAT DATE FROM REMOTE ANTIQUITY.

A Country Where Men Hire a Woman to Do Their Courting—In Some Places the Probable Bride Undergoes a Severe and Rigid Examination.

The choice of a bride in some parts of Russia is still accompanied with many difficulties. The customs which are observed rigorously by the families of the lower classes would certainly embarrass an American swain or indirectly create a large number of young "Lochinvars of the west."

In almost all Russia marriages are brought about by means of a woman mediator known as the "Svakha." As soon as the choice is made the Svakha puts on her best "bib and tucker" and proceeds to the home of the future bride. She makes her entrance in as dignified a fashion as possible, salutes the ikons and begins to speak of various things which seemingly have little relation to marriage. She says, for instance, "Where there is no snow it is difficult to follow tracks, but today snow has fallen and it is easy to find the way to a marriageable maiden." Or she may say, "A white swan has escaped from the house; is it possible that it fled to you?"

It depends upon the answers of the parents of the young girl whether the mediator becomes more specific and speaks to the point or withdraws from the place. If the negotiations end desirably the suitor takes courage to visit the young girl, to become better acquainted with her and her surroundings.

In some provinces—for instance, in the government of Volagda—this visit of examination on the part of the suitor becomes an elaborate ceremony. The family of the bridegroom, under the leadership of the mediator, proceed to the house of the bride. The mediator, without much ado, commands the bride to spin. If the visitors are satisfied with the talent of the girl for weaving they ask her to walk about the room to see whether she limps. The prospective, or rather possible, bride and groom are then placed side by side to see whether they are mated as to height. If one of the young persons happens to fall short of the proper length of body there is always great hilarity among the members of the two families.

In almost all the so called "Great Russia," the surrender of the bride assumes, in a way, the character of a sale. The money and objects of various kinds which the groom sends to present to the parents of the girl are the subject of long discussion.

"We can consider the affair closed?" asks, for instance, the father of the suitor.

"I am agreed," comes the answer.

"How much will you give me in cash?"

"Fifteen rubles."

"That is no money at all. I received twenty rubles when my oldest daughter was married, and then times were hard."

"I shall add a fur mantle," comes the reply.

"Keep your mantle. My daughter has one."

Thus the conversation proceeds until the marriage terms are settled. But the customs at the marriage are equally queer. A few days before the wedding the bride is taken to bathe by her friends and companions. The soap used at the time is a present from the bridegroom. The bathing sponge, through which ribbons are passed, is carried on a long pole in front of the bride. The young woman sings as the procession advances. The platform of the bathing house is sprinkled with beer. It depends upon the odor from the beer whether the groom is to be a henpecked husband or not. As soon as the bridal procession enters the church on the day of the wedding the bride and bridegroom start down the aisle in a mad race. There is a tradition that whichever one places the foot first on the cloth in front of the altar is to be master in the house.

In some parts of the country it is still the custom to invite a sorcerer to the wedding ceremonies for the purpose of driving away all evil spirits. The sorcerer is treated with the greatest respect. At table he is served first. During a trial for the murder of such a sorcerer in Lamara, in 1880, the village priest gave the following account of the authority possessed by the sorcerer: "There was a marriage in my house," he said. "I was told that a sorcerer had entered the room, had made various threats and demanded the place of honor. When I approached him he insulted me and mocked me. When I led him to the door there was the greatest excitement. People cried that my actions would bring about disastrous results."

Among other things, there are queer customs at the wedding dinner. When the wine is passed around each guest tastes the beverage and cries out that it is bitter. That is the signal for the newly married couple to embrace one another. In some governments the young wife is obliged to pull off her husband's boots in the presence of the guests as proof that he is master. A whip—placed there purposely—falls from the boot and the husband strikes the wife with it three times. After this greeting he kisses her. The Russian peasant values his wife for her economical properties.—L'Italie.

Stuttering and Stammering.

Stuttering and stammering are terms that are confounded. They are not synonymous by any means. Stammering is an inability to properly enunciate certain elementary speech words; stuttering is a vicious utterance, manifested by frequent repetitions of initial or other elementary sounds. Both are caused by improperly acting muscles of the vocal chords, soft palate, tongue, cheeks, lips, etc.

Some of these muscles are under easy control of the will. Over the muscles of the pharynx, the soft palate and at the base of the tongue, which move its root upward and downward, our power is not so complete, and this causes the affliction.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Ancestors of the Horse.

Some interesting facts about the geological ancestors of the horse have been made known by Professor Marsh. Various forms of horselike animals that lived in America in those remote times known to the geologists as the eocene, miocene and pliocene epochs, and which may have occurred millions of years ago, have been unearthed, and science has not shrunk from the task of reconstructing these animals from their fragmentary remains.

The curiously interesting statement is made by Professor Marsh that "the oldest ancestor of the horse—as yet undiscovered—undoubtedly had five toes on each foot and probably was not larger than a rabbit, perhaps much smaller." He even ventures to predict in which of the geological strata this animal will probably be found and suggests that it be named "Hippops."

In modern times a horse is occasionally seen which possesses extra toes, thus showing the existence of a slight tendency, under certain conditions, to revert to the peculiarities of its remote ancestors.

This tendency is one of the proofs which science has to offer that the noble and beautiful animal, whose services add so much to the powers and the enjoyments of man, has really been developed from those queer beasts of ancient times to which the geologists have given such names as eohippus, orohippus, protohippus, miohippus and pliohippus.—Youth's Companion.

Why Teeth Are Neglected.

Not one person in 500 cleans his teeth properly. Brushing crossways does not remove the particles of food which lodge between the teeth; the motion to be effectual should be up and down, and two strokes are better than a hundred the other way. A dentist of large practice gives the palm for well kept dentine to men. "Women use brushes more, but men use picks." If the habit of thorough mastication of the foods was formed no dentifrices would be needed. It is use that keeps the teeth clean. The front teeth are used more than any of the others; they are always the cleanest in the set. Hence the philosophy of eating on both sides of the mouth so as to keep all the molars in service.

Bad teeth are the result of a disordered stomach, the gases and acids of malnutrition and indigestion hastening decay. Dental surgeons and conscientious physicians always advocate special attention to the teeth after a fit of illness or during the case if the patient is equal to it. Castile soap is as good as any dentifrice and much better than a cheap powder. People who have a proper regard for their teeth will never allow a particle of medicine to touch them; chemicals and druggists' compounds should be taken from a medicine spoon; mineral waters, lemonade, phosphates and sour drinks, if not taken through a straw should be sipped in small quantities.—New York World.

American Shoes.

No matter how haughty and exclusive a woman may be, dignity cannot maintain itself with the shoes off. There is something about stockings that reminds us that man is mortal. For this reason women in the delay of shoe fitting will often fall into amicable conversation when otherwise it would not occur to them to address one another. Thus two women the other day conversed in a shoe shop. One woman had lived in Europe nine years, and averred that she had never found a shoe that compared with the foot covering of her own country. The other, who was surrounded with shoes of all sorts and sizes, said: "I have crossed the ocean twenty-two times, and I always take pains to supply myself with shoes before I go. I sail in fact next week, and I shall take with me eighteen pairs. I am buying them all now."

Others who have tried wearing the shoes of other countries will agree with these women. It is not a question of cheapness. Shoes in France are cheaper even than in this country. Shoes in England are cheaper, but they are uglier and less comfortable, owing to some lack of adaptation to the American foot. Wherein this peculiarity lies is not so easily stated, but for Americans there is no shoe at once so comfortable and so good looking as that built at home.—New York Evening Sun.

A Good Word for the Coyote.

The hanging look of the coyote as he slips away from the human sight is the cause of the animal's bad name. He is very shy at times, but on occasion sits unconcernedly by the roadside as one drives along. He is called a sneak, but he is only sly instead. He has more wit than any animal except the fox; he is as courageous in a fight with his own kind as any animal that breathes; he is patriotic, if one may use the term, in that he refuses to be domesticated—refuses to leave the life of freedom to which he is accustomed; he is the best family man, so to speak, in the world. The coyotes have been made outlaws through ignorance, as the state is now learning.

One need not be called a fanatic for saying that nothing has been made in vain—that if we knew all about the natures of the animals or the world we would pay bounties for preserving rather than for exterminating them. That is to say, we would labor to preserve the balance of life established by nature. There are some things quite as well worth prospecting for as California minerals, among the rest California fauna. Coyotes which have killed more than 2,000 jack rabbits per day have been wiped out to secure petty rewards.—Kansas City Times.

The Old Oaken Bucket's Well.

The well that prompted Samuel Woodworth to write "The Old Oaken Bucket" is still kept in good condition, and many visitors to Scituate, Mass., go and get a draft of its water, which seems pure and cool as ever. The old mill and pond are there, but not much is left of "the deep tangled wildwood."—Philadelphia Ledger.

FROM MIKE TO MR. MICHAEL.

An Irishman Who Got a Million Dollars and Knew What to Do with It.

"The story of Monte Cristo is generally regarded as a highly improbable piece of fiction," said a Montana man yesterday, "but I have in mind a case of a miner in our state who comes very near furnishing a parallel character. About ten years ago I had in my employ an Irishman, a clever but totally uneducated fellow, who did odd jobs about my place in Helena. You remember what a feverish state that country was in about that time over the rich finds in gold in the country adjacent. My Irishman caught the fever, and one day astonished me by asking me to loan him $200, with which he wanted to buy a prospector's outfit. Well, the fellow begged so hard and money was so easy anyhow that I let him have it. He bought him a mule and some tools and lit out for the mountains alone.

"In about a month he came back to Helena with that mule fairly staggering under a load of the best of ore. He hired three men, bought three more mules, went back to the hills and struck town shortly afterward with four more mules loaded as the first one had been. A representative of an English syndicate happened to be in Helena about this time on the lookout for mining investments. He saw the Irishman's little pack train, took a sample of the ore, had it assayed, went out and examined the claim and then made the Irishman a proposition that mighty nearly scared him to death. I was sitting in my office at the time, when in burst Mike in a state of terrible excitement.

"'What do you think, sor, I'm offered for me claim?' he gasped. 'One million dollars and twinty-foive per cent. of the net profits.'

"Of course I told him to sell, which he did. I proved a good investment for all concerned, as the Englishmen have taken millions of dollars out of the mine.

"But now comes my point. Instead of committing the usual follies that poor men indulge in when they become suddenly very rich, Mike set about to get the highest benefits of his wealth. There lived in Helena an English lady, widow of an English officer, who was possessed of a high degree of culture and refinement, though in very needy circumstances. Well, sir, the first thing Mike did was to go to this lady and bargain for an education. He placed himself absolutely under her dictation; lived in the same house, and she taught him how to hold a knife and fork and how to enter and leave a room. Then followed the rudiments of a literary education and a year or so of travel.

"I met my Irish laborer in the parlor of a London hotel about six months ago. You never saw a more perfect gentleman in your life. He has acquired a classical education, is as easy and graceful in manners as a courtier and above all has the true instincts of a man and a gentleman in his heart. And could a man be anything but a gentleman who had evidently made it the dream of his life to be one at his first opportunity?"—St. Louis Republic.

The Migrations of the Lemming.

In Norway and Sweden a curious migration takes place, the irregular migration of the lemming. There is no telling where this strange animal will begin its march southward through Norway and Sweden in search of food. The interval between one migration and the next is seldom less than seven years or, as in one instance, more than seventeen years.

The lemming is a species of rodent and resembles in some ways our common water rat. Once started, these strange creatures press on in a straight line. There is no checking their march. If a wall or a house is in their way they will try to climb it rather than go around it, and if they come to a stack of corn they will eat it and then go forward. The lemmings are good swimmers, and so they do not mind rivers and ponds, although they cannot keep afloat in rough water.

The migration comes to a fatal finish. Taking a direct course toward the southwest and southeast, the animals arrive after awhile at the seashore. Still they must press on, and the lemming migration ends for another seven years.—J. L. Vance in Our Animal Friends.

The Male Bass Hatches the Young.

A small mouth black bass, the variety sought by anglers and the only kind caught about the islands in Lake Erie, attains a weight of about one pound in two years, at which time it also arrives at maturity in a productive sense. It then fans off a clean place on the gravel, deposits its eggs, which are impregnated by the male member of the family, when, contrary to the general rule laid down by nature, the female goes off to some favorable watering place, while the old man attends strictly to household duties, and by the most constant care fans with his tail all the sediment off the eggs and drives off all intruders, even to a 10-pound mud turtle. He brings forth his little family of several thousand individual fishes about as large each as the end of a broom splint and about a quarter of an inch long, to become as long as a broom handle and weigh all the way up to ten pounds, according to the conscience and eyes of the one who for the first time pulls him permanently out of aqua pura. He seldom attains a weight of over four pounds, although those weighing six pounds have been caught.—Cleveland Press.

An Ancient French Custom.

Anciently, in many parts of France when a sale of land took place, it was the custom to have twelve adult witnesses accompanied by twelve little boys, and when the price of the land was paid and its surrender took place, the ears of the boys were pulled and they were beaten severely, so that the pain thus inflicted should make an impression upon their memory, and, if required afterward, they might bear witness to the sale.—Yankee Blade.

FUNNY AMERICAN SLANG.

A Simple Sentence Creates an Amusing Scene in a Devonshire Church.

It was the privilege of a certain Detroiter to be invited to the country seat of a delightful English family in Devonshire. He is rather shy, and although accomplished and a good story teller, did not make great efforts to foist his talents upon the congregation of guests who were assembled there and who comprised many bright people. One of the daughters finally said to him:

"Mr. G——, do you know one thing which has surprised me awfully?"

"No. What is it?"

"You have been here a week now and haven't used any slang."

"Well, really I don't think that I"——

"Oh, please use some just to oblige me. I have heard so much about American slang!"

"I can't think of any just now, but I'll tell you what I'll do. The first time I think of something I'll say it."

"Very well; but mind, it must be awfully American, you know."

The next Sunday every one went to church, for the family homestead was located near a village which was said to be one of the most orthodox places in that part of England. No one would even ride to church, except those who were too old to walk or were disabled. The American walked with the eldest daughter, and her five sisters came on behind, for, like most English families, the girls were in the majority.

When they were all seated and the guests managed to crowd into the little church, the choir, composed of village girls, sang in a very pleasing manner. Before beginning the sermon the minister, a small man who spoke slowly, said:

"It is with extreme reluctance—that I would call your attention—to the fact that it is necessary—to realize a small sum—for the benefit of our choir—who, as you know—have kindly volunteered—their services."

All the guests looked at one another, for extra contributions for some pretext had been the rule and not the exception for the last three months.

"I know that you have already—given generously for various causes—and I dislike to tax—you all—but our young friends—whose voices have just now—blended so harmoniously—and pleasingly to the ear—are perhaps entitled—to some slight recompense—for their great services in the past—and their earnest endeavors."

As the minister proceeded, getting more and more monotonous, until it seemed as though he would never reach the conclusion of his request, the American shifted uneasily and then, leaning over, whispered to the girl who had asked for a little slang:

"Oh, tell him to cut it short and pass the plate!"

The girl was nearly convulsed with laughter, but, managing to control herself, leaned over and said to the sister sitting next to her:

"Mr. —— says to tell him to cut it short and pass the plate."

The remark went along the line, and when the five sisters had absorbed it they were fairly shaking with suppressed laughter. Then it was passed on to the guests, and before the minister had concluded his dissertation every one in the church was striving to suppress outward indication of merriment by means of handkerchiefs. But when the plate was really circulated the eldest sister tittered loudly and the five sisters followed, the youngest whispering lightly:

"Cut him short and pass the plate!"

The American was a lion for the rest of the day, and the half a dozen girls all vied with each other in showering attentions upon him, while the old gentleman, their father, declared that American slang was awfully funny, don't you know.—New York Telegram.

Where Tortoise Shell Comes From.

I have understood that the finest tortoise shell comes from the Indian archipelago and is shipped from Singapore, and much of it is obtained on the Florida coast. There are three rows of plates on the back, called "blades" by the fishermen.

In the central row are five plates, and in each of the others four plates, the latter containing the best material. Besides these there are twenty-five small plates around the edges of the shell, known as "feet" or "noses." The biggest turtle does not furnish more than sixteen pounds of tortoise shell. Formerly the under shell was thrown away, being considered worthless, but at present it is very highly valued for its delicacy of coloring. Nowadays a very beautiful imitation of tortoise shell is made of cows' horns.—Interview in Washington Star.

Painless Dental Operations.

Among the thousand and one recently invented dental and surgical appliances is an ingenious device of French origin for producing local paralysis of the nerves, in order that minor dental and surgical operations may be painless. It consists of a glass tube filled with a highly volatile fluid. One end of the tube terminates in a closed nozzle an inch in length. This may be broken off, and the break leaves an orifice opening into the tube.

Meanwhile the heat of the hand volatilizes the liquid, and the stream of vapor may be directed against the parts to be deadened of feeling. The parts are in effect frozen, and the condition continues long enough for the completion of the operation. It is asserted that the tissues are uninjured by the action of the vapor.—New York Telegram.

Does Several Things.

A storekeeper in Maine deals in dry and fancy goods, boots and shoes, groceries, grain, feed, crockery and hardware; he keeps the postoffice, is justice of the peace, is a conveyancer, agent of an insurance company; he runs a set of hay scales; he has "ice cold soda and other cool drinks;" has famous ten and five cents cigars; is agent for a very loud fertilizer and furnishes aristocratic eggs for putting under aristocratic hens.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE BEST

Remedy for colds, coughs, and the common disorders of the throat and lungs, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is universally recommended by the profession. It breaks up the phlegm, soothes inflammation, allays painful symptoms, and induces repose. In bronchitis and pneumonia, it affords speedy relief, and is unrivaled as a prompt and effective

Emergency Medicine

in croup, sore throat, and the sudden pulmonary diseases to which young children are so liable.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has had a wonderful effect in curing my brother's children of a severe and dangerous cold. It was truly astonishing how speedily they found relief, and were cured, after taking this preparation."—Miss Annette N. Moen, Fountain, Minn.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

There lived in the vicinity of Bergerac a parish priest who was greatly beloved. His parishioners decided upon getting up a subscription to present him with a cask of wine. One of the inhabitants supplied the cask, and each of the rest came and poured in two litres of the produce of his vineyard. One day last week our cure invited some of the subscribers to dinner, in order to taste the beverage which formed a compound of all the wines grown in the district. The servant went to turn the tap, and came back with a decanter full of water in her hand.

"Whatever is that?" was the general cry.

"This is the wine out of the barrel."

His reverence could not make it out; it was altogether puzzling! The guests were splitting with laughter. Each one had thought to himself that the presence of two litres of water would not be detected in a butt of wine, but, as it happened, they had all acted on the same idea.—Petit Liegeois.

A stream near Tucson, A. T., petrifies all soft substance thrown into it. It is in the great Colorado potato bettle belt and at the time of their migrations thousands of them strike the water and are converted into solid stone.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ILLINOIS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, O R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Bracken, F S; Dr G C Synon, O P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, O R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, O P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neil, O R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, O P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, O R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, O P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, O R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, O P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, O R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D BSullivan, O P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, O R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2513 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, O P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, O R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, O P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, O R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, O P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, O R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, O P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, O R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, O P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, O R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, O P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, O R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 332 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, O P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, O R, 371 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, O P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, O R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, O P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, O R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, O P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, O R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, O P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley O R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, O P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuses, O R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, O P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, O R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2913 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, O P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, O R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, O P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, O R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, O P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, O R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, O P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North avs.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, O R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, O P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, O R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, O P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 3 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, O R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, O P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, O R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, O P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, O R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond O Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, O P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, O R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schutt, Treas; Dr Brand, O P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, O R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, O R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, O P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, O R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 476 Lorraine st; J McGaugh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, O P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Teemer, O R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, O P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson avs.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, O R, 98 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Keller, O P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, O R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, O P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, O R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, O R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, O P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, O R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, O P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, O R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, O P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, O R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, O P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont avs.

Cour Laval Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, O R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, O R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, O R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, O P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, O R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; H P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, O P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, O R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, O P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, O R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, O P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, O R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, O P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, O R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; O Hiersbach, F S; Chas Transcht, Treas; Dr D Ryan, O P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, O R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, O R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, O R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, O R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, O R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J H Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, O R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, RS, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, O R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, O R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, O P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, O R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st., at 3 p. m.

County Delegate. P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.

County Secretary, Francis J. Conroy, 498 Thirty-fifth st.

County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W Erie st.

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Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; David Mulligan, V. P.; John McAndrews, Rec. sec.; Peter F. Ratigan, Fin. sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meets last Sunday each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 5256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. J. Barret, Pres., 162 Van Buren-st.; William Sullivan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec. Sec., 2862 Deering-st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday each month at 7:30 p m.

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Div. No. 9—P. O'Sullivan, Pres, S Chicago; Patrick Dever, V. P.; James O'Kelly, Rec Sec, S Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin. Sec; T A Ahern, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Sigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

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Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V. P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., M. J. Duffy, 543 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., F. J. Conroy; Treas., Patrick Finnegan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N. W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V-P., W. J. Hogan; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert, 609 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Charles Lynch. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

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Div. No. 26—Pres, P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, J F Haskins, Box 380, Pullman; V P, M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3813 Lowe av; V P, P. Doyle; rec sec, James Gannon, 1005 51st st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

Div. No. 36—Pres, M. Donohue, 5503 Jefferson av; V. P., M. Fierce; Rec. Sec., William McMahon; Fin. Sec., Patrick McGoldrick; Treas, P. McMahon.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E.

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

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Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 563 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.

John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

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Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N.J.

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John Patton, No. 1 Yeoman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.

John O'Callaghan, 734 Carroll avenue, Chicago, Ill.

John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.

J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.

Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.

Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.

J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.

T. F. Thornton, 2010 third av, Birmingham, Ala.

Danl Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.

William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.

P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.

P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.

Thos. Noonan, 88 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.

John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.

Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.

P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st, Portland, Me.

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Treasure John O'Callaghan, 781 Carroll av, Chicago.

Trustees, A. Burke, P. Dougherty, J. Larney, Maurice A. O'Connor.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S W corner of Lake and LaSalle sts.

County Delegate, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel street, Chicago, Ill.

County Secretary J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.

County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty-first-st.

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ST. GABRIEL'S BRANCH NO. 310—Meets the first and third Thursday of each month at 7:30 p. m. in school hall, corner Forty-fifth and Wallace sts. Pres, Austin J. Kilkenny, Transit House; V-P, J. C. White; Cor Sec, D. J. Fair, 430 and Emerald-av; Fin Sec, J. F. Molony; Treas, J. B. Hartnett.

St. Stephens Branch, No. 117, C. K. A., meets on the third Sunday of every month, at 3 o'clock p. m., in the reading room attached to St. Patrick's church, Desplaines street. The following are the officers for the current year:

President, Edward McCormick; vice-president, John Conway; recording secretary, Mark Sharkey, 346 North Wood street; financial secretary, M. A. O'Brien, 244 Waubansia avenue; treasurer, Patrick Dolan, 236 North Clark street. All information regarding the association be had by applying to any of the above.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of The Citizen, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galligan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 W Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 550 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 548 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2928 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 25th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2542 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O. S. B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. Eagan, pastor. Residence 165 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J. Corbett, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 5:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. P. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 886 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mc Gregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 433 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor. Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. Leutte, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence Cleveland av.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 15 Sibley st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Felix Guedry, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 168 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. P. L. Biermann, pastor, Res. 2964 Bonfield st.

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 333 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 321 N. Paulina street.

St. Charles Borromeo's — Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m., high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P D Gill, pastor Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C. R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O. S. B., pastor. Residence 399 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m.; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, O. S., pastor Residence 1406 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave. bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heldmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—364 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. K. Kozlowski, pastor. Residence 228 Southport av.

St. Adalbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Radziejewski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st.

1598. 1892.

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2	-ea-ty	A CHARMING QUALITY WHEN POSSESSED BY WOMEN, THAT ATTRACTS THE ADMIRATION AND OFTEN WINS THE LOVE OF MEN.
3	Bl---e	WAS NOT CONSIDERED DESIRABLE AT THE MINNEAPOLIS NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION BY A MAJORITY OF THE DELEGATES.
4	-le------	SERVED TO DEFEAT JAMES G. BLAINE FOR THE PRESIDENCY IN 1884.
5	-ol---	THAT WHICH YOU CAN SECURE TO THE AMOUNT OF $5,000 IF YOU WIN THE FIRST PRIZE HEREIN OFFERED.
6	-r-ss	THAT WHICH WOMEN KNOW HOW TO WEAR TO BETTER ADVANTAGE THAN MOST MEN.
7	-i-ht	SOMETHING WHICH JOHN L. SULLIVAN, CORBETT, JACKSON, SLAVIN AND OTHER BIG PUGILISTS EXCEL IN.
8	-ar-i--n	OCCUPIES THE MOST RESPONSIBLE AND FOREMOST POSITION CONNECTED WITH THE GOVERNMENT AND PROTECTION OF THE PEOPLE AGAINST FOREIGN OR HOSTILE NATIONS
9	-ict--e	THAT WHICH PLEASES OR SATISFIES THE EYE, AND WHICH, IF ARTISTICALLY EXECUTED, ATTRACTS THE ATTENTION AND EXCITES THE ADMIRATION OF LOVERS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.
10	Qu-e-Vic-----	PROBABLY CONSIDERED OF GREATER CONSEQUENCE AND MORE SOUGHT AFTER BY THE IDLE EXCLUSIVE AND TITLED ENGLISH NOBILITY THAN BY THE AVERAGE BUSY, HUSTLING AMERICAN.

Explanation. Each dash appearing in the partially spelled words indicates the absence of a certain letter, and when the proper letters are supplied the original word selected to form each Riddle will be found complete. EXAMPLE: H--e, something every farmer should possess. In this case the omitted letters are o and s, and when properly inserted the completed word is HORSE.

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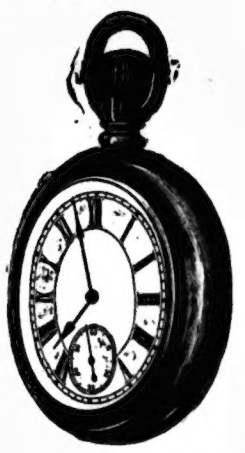
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WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.



NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face Waltham or Elgin, $12.00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof on and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.



GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and instalment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch. Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of steel composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside" movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered $16.75.



SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger" hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39 Gold filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No. 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham or Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 44, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.